

# THE LIVING AGE.

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## THE UNITED STATES IN CHINA.

In the month of September of last year Secretary Hay began a diplomatic correspondence in reference to the so-called "open-door" policy in China which marked an important departure in American diplomacy, and indicated to the world that the United States proposed to be heard from at least in the settlement of the future of China, and was willing even to take the initiative in securing the assent of the other Powers to a policy believed by her to be a sound one. If the doctrine of the open door for commerce in China was British in its origin, Lord Salisbury's Government none the less acted wisely in allowing the American Government to make it their own by adoption—particularly as it had been seriously compromised while in charge of its original sponsors. In March of the present year Secretary Hay officially announced the success of the negotiations, in communicating to each of the Governments concerned the several replies of the others.

While recognizing a creditable diplomatic achievement, we must not overlook either the very partial and guarded adherence given by Russia—and she was the one Power most important to commit—to the American proposals, or their very limited scope. These may be summarized in a single sentence;

equal opportunities of commerce for the citizens of all nations in the leased territory or sphere of interest possessed by any nation within the territorial limits of China, with uniform customs dues, under a Chinese tariff and collected by the Chinese Government, harbor dues and railroad charges. The final replies of the other Governments addressed seem reasonably explicit and final; that of Russia, though Count Mouravieff expressed his conviction that it would be satisfactory, and Secretary Hay so accepted it, is certainly only partial, and not very definite. But perhaps it was asking a good deal of her friendship for the United States to expect her to commit herself at all on a matter so vitally related to her future in the Far East. The point of more immediate present interest is that the American proposals, undeniably good as far as they go, do not pretend to embody any solution of the Chinese question. For it is now sufficiently evident that that question is primarily a political, not a commercial, one. The open door policy is limited to securing equal trade conditions; it does not recognize the deep-seated political disease afflicting the Chinese Empire or offer any remedy. Its implication is that it does not matter what becomes of China politically, or how her territory is di-

vided up among other Powers, provided that these agree to preserve the open door for all commerce alike within such portions of the empire as they choose to acquire—or to “lease,” if that term softens at all the hard fact of substantial ownership and control. Yet in the very communication in which Secretary Hay gravely proposed to the British Government that it should give its formal adhesion to its own policy, he recognized that there was a Chinese question inside the open door, and indicated that the policy of the United States was still in favor of preserving the integrity of the Chinese Empire, as the most effective way of safeguarding its own rights. And now the inert body of the Chinese nation, pronounced to be politically dead by the nations of Europe, has very unpleasantly come to life again, and it becomes clear enough that the commercial program of the open door must be supplemented by some pretty vigorous political action, if there is to be any commerce left to safeguard. Again Secretary Hay comes forward with a statement of American policy—and this time he does not limit it to securing commercial equality.

On July 3rd, in a telegraphic despatch addressed to the various European Governments, the full purport of which soon after became public, the Secretary defined in general terms the policy which his Government sought to pursue in China. While this definition of policy was taken in some quarters as intended quite as much for the information of the American people during a Presidential campaign as for the enlightenment of foreign governments, its authoritative and important character cannot be denied. The landing of American troops upon Chinese soil, to join the armed forces of the European nations and of Japan in military operations, of highly uncertain scope and duration, certainly marked such an important departure from former Ameri-

can policy as to call for some explanation—particularly in view of the fact that we have had no political or territorial aspirations in China, and have, partly on this account, occupied a special position of friendliness towards the Chinese Government.

Secretary Hay states that the United States adheres to the policy initiated by it in 1857, “of peace with the Chinese nation, and of furtherance of lawful commerce,” and he further includes in this policy “the protection of the lives and property of American citizens in China by all the means guaranteed under extra-territorial treaty rights or covered by the law of nations.” “If wrong be done to American citizens,” he says, “the responsible authors will be held to the uttermost accountability.” Then follows the important statement that in the view of his Government the condition at Peking is one of virtual anarchy, “whereby power and responsibility is practically devolved upon the local authorities.” As long as these officials are not in overt collusion with rebellion, and use their powers to protect foreign life and property, they are to be regarded “as representing the Chinese people, with whom we wish to remain in peace and friendship.” He then states that the purpose of the President is to act in concurrence with the other Powers, first in opening up communication with Peking and rescuing American officials, missionaries and other citizens who are there in danger; secondly, in affording all possible protection everywhere in China to American life and property; thirdly, in guarding and protecting all legitimate American interests; and fourthly, in aiding to prevent a spread of the disorder to the other provinces of the Empire, and “a recurrence of such disasters.” The Secretary concludes with the significant statement that it is the policy of the Government of the United States “to seek a solution

which may bring about permanent safety and peace to China, preserve Chinese territorial and administrative entity, protect all rights guaranteed to friendly Powers by treaty and by international law, and safeguard for the world the principle of equal and impartial trade with all parts of the Chinese Empire."

The language of this important note was certainly carefully considered, and it must be taken to define the policy to which the administration of President McKinley is definitely and fully committed, however it may be attacked by the political party in opposition—a policy which will last during his present term at least, ending next March, and will be continued in the event of his reelection. While this program only corresponds to the course tacitly or expressly accepted by the European Governments concerned as the necessary one, and while it marks no radical departure from their past practices in respect to interference with the affairs of semi-civilized or Oriental peoples, it certainly marks a significant change in American foreign policy, and one which cannot but have far-reaching consequences.

The finding out of those responsible for wrongs to American citizens and holding them to the "utmost accountability," will be likely alone to prove a task of the greatest magnitude and difficulty. As long as such wrongs could be traced to the action or non-action of local officials, and as long as there was a central government to appeal to, the steps to take were, indeed, comparatively simple, even if rarely effective. But if the condition of China is to be regarded as one of virtual anarchy for the time being, as Secretary Hay quite wisely concludes, and if the Government of the Empress was itself practically responsible for these wrongs, through directly or indirectly countenancing them, then the

task proposed is certainly one of exceeding difficulty; and if, as there is only too much reason to believe, the movement against all foreigners, of which such wrongs are merely a manifestation, is to a large extent a general and national movement—so far as anything can be national in China—the obstacles in the way of enforcing such accountability, while preserving "relations of peace and friendship with the Chinese people," would seem to be insuperable.

When we come to the other points in this program it becomes tolerably clear that it commits the United States to action which will ultimately and necessarily lead to an actual, if not at once to a formal, participation on her part in the concert of the European Powers and Japan in regard to China. Of course the word used is "concurrency," and doubtless fine distinctions can be drawn between concurrent action and joint action, if it is desired to persuade the American people that some shadow of independence of action still attaches to the course of their Government in China. But the fact remains that it is humanly impossible for the United States to carry out her present comprehensive program in China otherwise than by acting in full accord with the other Powers, as long as unity of action continues among them, or by joining with one or more of them if a divergence of policy should unfortunately arise.

Two lines of action are included within the program enunciated by Secretary Hay, the one military, the other political. The actual necessity that military operations should be undertaken by the united forces of the different countries concerned, acting in common, seems sufficiently obvious. The number of men whom the United States could at present contribute to a Chinese campaign would be utterly inadequate to carry out the policy of

punishment for outrages to American life and property in China, or to afford anything like adequate protection to American interests during the present crisis—to say nothing of preventing the spread of the disorders to other provinces, which absolutely requires that a strong and united front should everywhere be presented by the Powers concerned. As the movement of the Chinese seems to be directed against all foreigners indiscriminately, unity of action on the part of the foreign military forces is a prime necessity. American troops may even be placed under the supreme command of an officer representing some other nation, and the necessities of the situation must secure the continuance of joint military operations. It may truthfully be said, therefore, that the United States has already entered the concert of the Powers in China so far as military action is concerned.

But the use of armed force leads directly and almost necessarily to political action, and in this field the imperative need of concert between the Powers is equally obvious. As soon as the international forces reach Peking—perhaps even sooner—the political question must come to the front. It would, of course, be theoretically possible for the United States to confine its action in China strictly within military lines, and to leave the settlement of the future government of the country entirely to the other nations concerned, merely asking for the recognition and safeguarding of its own existing rights and interests. It would, however, certainly prove a difficult matter to draw the line between military and political action, and it is hardly likely that any country would be willing to make the sacrifices involved in the armed operations and then assume an attitude of non-participation in the settlement by the Powers of those political issues whose treat-

ment will largely determine the future of China, and the interests of the Western nations in that future. But the strong probability that American action will not be confined within military lines is made almost a certainty by the express language used by Secretary Hay in concluding his last note. Besides committing the United States to aid in preventing "a recurrence of such disasters" as have recently taken place, which certainly cannot be effected otherwise than through political action, he further states that it is the policy of his Government "to seek a solution which may bring about permanent safety and peace in China." This language certainly means that America intends to participate in, if not to originate, action which will go to the root of the whole Chinese question, and effect a radical and fundamental change in the government of that country. In the accomplishment of such an object it is even more clear than in the case of military operations that the United States will be compelled, instead of preserving her traditional independence of action in the East, to enter, more or less openly and frankly, the concert of the other Powers, if that be maintained, or to act in harmony with one or more of them, if the concert be broken up. If the language of Secretary Hay has any meaning—and it is certainly intended to have—it plainly and necessarily involves the representation of the United States in any congress or concert of the Powers which undertakes to settle the future of China.

If then America is in future to have a voice—based upon her present military operations, upon her important treaty rights and her commerce, upon her geographical position, including now not only the Pacific Coast but also Hawaii and the Philippines, and upon her rank among the greatest Powers of the world—in the radical settlement

of the Chinese question, it is not too early to consider briefly the political relations existing between the other Powers having interests in China—relations which we must take cognizance of and cannot blindly ignore—and to attempt to forecast the manner in which these will be affected by the entry of the great Republic into this new field. That the balance of interests which has heretofore existed between such Powers will be in some measure disturbed seems inevitable. The situation is one of such delicacy and danger that the Government of the United States must act with the fullest attainable knowledge, with the amplest consideration, with the most careful regard of the existing rights and interests of other countries, and above all with a desire to so calculate its own action as to preserve the peace between the various nations concerned, with all of whom it is fortunately on terms of friendship.

If the United States is to enter the field of Asiatic politics and diplomacy, as she is now doing, it is certainly fortunate for the world that she occupies a position so free from the network of complications, political and racial rivalries, and clashing interests, which unhappily involve the other Powers concerned. In the first place her interests in China, both present and future—if we lay aside those connected with missions—are exclusively commercial, whereas the interests of the five other Powers largely concerned—Great Britain, Russia, France, Germany and Japan—are necessarily also political, and partly territorial. She desires neither territory nor exclusive sphere of influence upon the continent of Asia; she seeks only the maintenance of an open door for trade and the protection of the lives and property of any of her citizens lawfully resident in China. The same thing certainly cannot be said of any of the other Powers,

all of which, except Japan, have most important possessions upon the continent of Asia, which are vitally concerned, directly or indirectly, in the settlement of the Chinese problem; and if Japan has not yet obtained a territorial foothold upon the continent, her interests are also, perhaps even more vitally, involved. On account of this fact, as well as on account of our past relations of friendship with the Chinese Government—signally illustrated by the important services which we rendered to her in the making of peace with Japan at the conclusion of the late war—the United States occupies a peculiarly advantageous position to assist in negotiating a radical solution of the celestial question—if that be indeed within the range of human possibility.

Perhaps it is no less fortunate that we are free from any complications, whether of alliance or of hostility, affecting our relations with the other Powers concerned. None of these Powers, except Great Britain and France, have any interests whatever on the American continent or its islands—and the interests of France are merely nominal—while we have no interests, except those of commerce, which clash with those of any other Power in any part of the world. It may be true that Russia, if she establishes her dominion over nearly the whole of Asia, may sometime be ambitious to bring the rest of the world under the rule of the Czar; or that the sympathies of the French people were mostly with Spain during our late war; or that Germany was willing to receive the Philippines from Spain without the consent of the United States; and it is certainly true that we won our independence from Great Britain by force of arms in the last century, and were again at war with her in the early part of the century now closing. But surely there is nothing in any of these facts, or conjectures, which should now affect

American statesmanship in dealing in an impartial spirit with all the national interests involved in the Chinese situation. Commercially we freely concede to every other nation all rights in China which we ask for ourselves; politically we should seek only to maintain good relations with the other Powers and to contribute everything within our ability to effect an honorable, and, so far as possible, a permanent settlement between their conflicting interests, and to avert the terrible disaster of a war between any two or more of the Powers interested in the Far East.

But it is argued in some quarters that there should be some special co-operation or concert of action between the United States and Great Britain in China, joined perhaps by Japan, because the interests of these three Powers are especially concerned in the maintenance of the open-door policy, which is threatened, if at all, by the action of Russia, France and Germany. It is quite true that the purely commercial interests of the United States would seem to lie in the direction of assisting to establish an important British sphere of influence in China, for two purely business reasons: first, because Great Britain believes in, and is thoroughly committed to, the policy of free and equal trade for all nations wherever her rule extends; and, secondly, because she is by far the largest customer for our products, and anything which increases the purchasing power of her people—and the occupation of an important part of China might be expected to do this—might be supposed indirectly to benefit American producers. It must also be agreed that, besides the community of language, the political institutions and ideas of the two countries largely resemble each other, and their respective peoples are better able to understand one another—even if they do not always do so—than those of any other two great

Powers interested in the Orient. It is also doubtless true that the United States, Great Britain and Japan, acting firmly together, and prepared to make their views prevail at any cost, could control the settlement of the Chinese question, as Germany would at least remain neutral if her existing concessions were respected, while Russia and France would be overmatched and would be obliged to acquiesce. It is also suggested in some quarters that for what may be called sentimental reasons as well, arising out of the important diplomatic assistance which Great Britain extended to the United States during the Spanish-American war, American support should now be given to British policy in China. It seems to the present writer that any expectations of this kind are based upon a lack of understanding of the situation in Asia, and of the conditions determining the action of the United States, which cannot be too soon removed.

To take up the latter point first, sentiment, even that of gratitude, affords a very insecure and doubtful basis for national action. In the present stage of human progress, enlightened national self-interest would seem to afford the safest guidance for those who have charge of the political destinies of nations, for the more national self-interest becomes enlightened the clearer will it be that in this age of the world the interests of all nations are inextricably bound up together. If the governing statesmen of Great Britain adopted the course which they did during the Spanish-American war purely from a sentimental attachment to the United States, and without believing that in the long run their course would also promote the best interests of Great Britain, they were guilty of an act of folly, if not of a betrayal of national trust; but no thinking man supposes anything of the sort. Anything which



tends to strengthen the power and international influence of the United States must tend, speaking generally, to promote the welfare of Great Britain, merely because of the community of interests and ideas existing to a large extent between the two nations, and because of the great improbability of hostilities between them; and the risk of incurring the enmity of a declining power like Spain could well be incurred for an object of such importance. That this service on the part of Great Britain materially influenced at the time not only the present Administration but American opinion generally in her favor was only natural.

Taking into account, then, the fact that we are entering the Asiatic arena in a spirit of entire good-will, if not of actual friendliness, to Great Britain, at least as far as President McKinley, his Cabinet and his party are concerned, and the further patent fact that the commercial policy of that country in the Orient is peculiarly favorable to the trade interests of the United States, let us briefly consider the position of the different Powers in the Far East as it stood prior to the Boxer outbreak, and as it will in all probability again stand after that movement has been suppressed—if haply it is going to be suppressed.

The Chinese question has become largely a Russian question; recent events on the Amur only emphasize this fact. The extraordinary extensions which have taken place within the last half-century in the Russian dominions in Asia; the intense racial and national ambition of the Slavs, with their steady and, as some believe, irresistible movement towards more southern climes and ice free waters; the patient and consistent policy of that Power, and the extraordinary diplomatic ability displayed in carrying it forward; the peculiar talent of Rus-

sians to take part successfully in that network of intrigue which seems to be the normal form of Oriental government; the military and political power possessed by that great autocratic empire, together with the remarkable success already achieved by her—first, in depriving Japan of an important part of the fruits of her victory over China and excluding her from the mainland of Asia, and second, in controlling to no small degree the action of the Pekin Government, weakened and disorganized by that war, and in obtaining from it such extraordinary rights as those conveyed by the lease of Port Arthur and the adjacent territory, and by the Manchurian Railway agreement; that imposing and wonderful project, already carried so far towards success, the Trans-Siberian Railway;—all these things indicate that Russia is thus far not only the strongest, but actually the dominant, factor in the Far East. She approaches China from behind, by land, while all the other Powers except France—and France is her ally—now approach that empire in front, and by the sea. With the active assistance of France and the assured neutrality of Germany, Russia, in spite of the insignificance of her present trade interests, and in spite of the control by Great Britain of over two-thirds of the foreign commerce of China, has been able thus far to checkmate the latter Power at almost every point, and to make her own policy prevail.

Great Britain has been obliged to abandon the policy of endeavoring to preserve intact the full territorial integrity of China, to recognize the rights of Germany in Shantung and of Russia in Manchuria, and even to participate herself in the partial dismemberment of China by taking Wei-Hai-Wei, as a small offset to the infinitely more valuable acquisitions of the other two Powers; so that Secretary Hay is

obliged to speak of preserving the "entity" of China, her integrity being already gone. It might not be courteous for an American to describe the vacillation and weakness of British policy, or rather lack of policy, in the East since the appearance of Russia on the scene, though he would only have to quote language used by the English authorities best informed upon China. Whatever the explanation or excuse may be, it is a fact too plain to be denied that British influence, formerly preponderant, has sunk almost to the zero point in China, and American diplomacy cannot be expected to ignore this patent truth in shaping its own policy. The question whether it is desirable to maintain British influence in China, or whether this can be done without incurring too great burdens there, or too great dangers in other quarters, is one for the people of England to decide for themselves, and they do not need any foreign advice on the matter; but the United States should frame her course in Asia according to the situation which she finds existing. If it is the destiny of a large part of China and of most of Asia to be Russianized—and Great Britain, perhaps with the aid of Japan, seems to be the only Power which can interpose any effective resistance, whether by diplomacy or by force of arms, to prevent this result—then in the not distant future the United States must depend upon her established friendship with Russia to secure access to markets of the greatest value to her commerce. The reply of Count Mouravieff to the proposals of the United States in reference to the open-door policy, even if leaving much to be desired in fully meeting them, at least contains something of value, and indicates the desire of Russia to accept our commercial views as far as she feels she can afford to do so. Moreover, if the principle of commercial preference is at any time adopted, Rus-

sia would certainly be likely, for sentimental and political reasons, to give the preference to American products over British.

While the United States has recently entered upon a policy of insular expansion, both in the Pacific and Atlantic oceans, it would be a great mistake to infer that we desire more territory wherever we can get it, or that because we are in the Philippines—and even now one of our great political parties favors a practical withdrawal from these islands—we are going to become engaged in the general politics of Asia, or to throw our weight into her political scales, except to the extent of safeguarding, as far as possible, our own commercial interests. To put the matter more plainly, if, as some of the best-informed authorities believe, there are two irreconcilable conflicts approaching in Asia—first, a struggle between Russia and Japan over the control of Corea, and second, a larger, but perhaps more remote, conflict between Great Britain and Russia as to the advance of the latter power in Asia, and ultimately as to the possession of India itself, already threatened by the rapid growth of Muscovite power and influence upon its borders—the United States, wherever the sympathies of a majority of her people might be, should, and doubtless will, maintain a strict neutrality. The development of her own continental territories, with the newly-acquired islands, together with the maintenance of the Monroe doctrine throughout the Western hemisphere, affords a large enough scope for some time to come for her ambitions. To join with England, or with Japan, or both, in settling the politics of Asia, in which they are both vitally concerned while we are not, would be to allow ourselves to be used to promote the interests of other Powers instead of conserving our own—an act of folly so great that it need not be con-

templated as a probability. Commercially, the United States has a definite policy in Asia, that of the open door, and she will doubtless join with any Powers which have the same policy so far as diplomatic action within reasonable bounds is concerned; politically, neither having nor desiring any territory upon the continent of Asia, she should keep entirely free from the governmental complications of the Orient. By so doing we shall not only best conserve the interests of our own people, but may continue to occupy such a happy relation to all the other Powers that when the Asiatic crisis comes, if unfortunately come it must, we may be able to render a great service to the world by mediating to preserve its peace. All Americans must hope that out of the horrors of the present situation in China may at least come that better understanding of one another, that larger regard for the interests of all, which may establish a lasting and assured concord among the Powers now allied in the interests of Western civilization. China and Asia are large enough to satisfy the reasonable ambitions of all of them.

Finally, let us consider what alternative settlements of this dread problem of the future of China seem possible. The actual partitioning of that great empire among the Powers, its full incorporation within their respective political systems and under their flags, seems so utterly impossible that it need not be considered. To rule the Chinese people otherwise than through a Chinese government of some sort is a task beyond the power even of the combined nations. Yet it is equally clear that if the Chinese question is indeed to be settled, if the fire is really to be put out, and not left to smoulder and break out again, there must be some sort of effective control by the representatives of Western civilization. Only two courses seem practicable; the

maintenance of a central government, whether it be that of the Manchu dynasty or some other, which should be provided with the means of preserving order, and should be to a considerable extent subject to the control of the representatives of the Powers, whether acting as a council or merely as a diplomatic body; or the division of Chinese territory into separate political districts, within each of which some one Power should have its sphere of influence, and should be responsible, acting through such native rulers as might be constituted, for the maintenance of law and order. If the first course is followed, the recent note of Secretary Hay would seem to lead to the participation by the United States in such diplomatic control; if the latter, she will ask only for the assurance by treaty that the open door will be preserved by the Powers concerned, and that other existing treaty rights will be safeguarded. Each of these courses is full of difficulties, but it would seem that one or the other of them must be followed in order to re-establish lasting order in China and keep the world's peace. The only third course would seem to be the practical control of China by Russia—and this is threatening.

From one great error at least the Christian Powers, and the United States most of all, should keep scrupulously free. Whatever may have been the outrages committed in China, or whatever the moral complicity of the Empress and her officials, some stronger and higher motive than that of inflicting revenge, even for such an unexampled atrocity as the attack upon a whole Diplomatic Corps, must inspire the action of the Powers. It is almost inconceivable that any organized government, even in China, should have committed, or permitted unless powerless to stop it, such an act of insane political folly, to say nothing of its

moral character; whatever may be the responsibility of the Empress for the Boxer movement, the murder of Ministers must, at least, be considered an act of uncontrollable anarchy until the contrary is clearly proved. The governments concerned have been wise thus far in refraining from any declaration of war against the Chinese nation, and it is to be hoped that they will persist in this course under all provocations. To hold the whole people of China, differing as greatly as they do in race, religion and ideas, and bound together by such loose political ties, responsible for all that has occurred, would be unjust as well as foolish. However the lives, property and interests of foreigners may suffer through the movement now in progress, the Chinese themselves must in all these respects suffer much more seriously. Even the barbarities which shock civilization are inflicted alike upon the native and the foreigner, and China herself must be the chief sufferer by the convulsion which has seized her.

We can even afford to recognize that the Boxer movement itself, in spite of its excesses, is a patriotic, even if an ignorant one, and, from a Western standpoint, mistaken in its purposes. Europe and America have denied to China the right to remain in isolation from the rest of the world, have persistently forced upon her their missionaries and their trade, and have undermined her ancient civilization; and in recent years they have despoiled her of territory, while furnishing her with the best modern guns and rifles, and teaching her how to use them. The present

result may be terrible, but it is certainly not unnatural. It is doubtless a great misfortune for China herself, as well as for the world at large, that she should at last have learned so well the great lessons in the art of creating destructive forces which Western civilization has successfully taught her, while almost vainly endeavoring to impart its Christianity, that the invader of her soil now finds himself "hoist with his own petard." The Western nations will not withdraw from their self-assumed task of imposing their civilization and their trade upon China, and probably in the end the Chinese will be the better for it. But let us at least show them that we can ourselves not only accept, but put in practice, one of the cardinal principles of the religion which we have endeavored to teach them, by proving that our national action is not inspired by one of the most base and savage passions. Punishment there must no doubt be, if guilty individuals can be reached; but to meet barbarism with barbarism, to pursue a policy of mere revenge for the loss of foreign lives, even though these be numbered by the thousand—a revenge which would fall as heavily upon the innocent as upon the guilty—this, in the midst of such a political cataclysm as has burst upon China, would be a course as unworthy of enlightened statesmanship as it is inconsistent with the principles of Christianity. If Western civilization has grim work to do in China, let it at least be done in justice, not in anger, and for the final good of the Chinese people themselves, as well as for that of the world.

*Josiah Quincy.*

A HEAD BY HELLEU.\*

I.

The flat box was on the middle of the kitchen table. Lisbeth stood bent over it with both arms outstretched, as if to protect her property.

"Now," said the old cook, Wea, "if you won't, then let some one else."

"Yes, am I to open it or not?" growled Hinrich Meyer, the doctor's coachman, who was already prepared with his chisel and pincers to open the lid.

"But Lisbeth, what ails you? Now, what! First you were as glad as could be to get something from Paris and danced around in the kitchen, and now!"—Wilhelmina, the chambermaid, shook her head—"of course it can't be a hat."

"No, not so new fashioned a one as yours, with the high feathers," broke in the cook.

"And you wanted a hat? But, even if the box is flat—what kind of things cannot be found in Paris? Stuff for a dress. And gloves. And gowns, I tell you, lace under-petticoats! At my place before the last, the countess—here with the doctor's wife things are not so advanced, and the last place also was not—but the one before that—if you could only have seen the washings."

"Ah," sighed Lisbeth, "he would not send me anything like that, so it is not that."

"So? What do you know about what such a gentleman will do, who considers that everything should be fine underneath, not only a little bit outside. And you must thank him for it. So, and can you do that when you do not even know what is in there? So,

that I say flat. Why will you not let us see?"

"I have such a fear," whispered the young thing, looking from one to the other with tears in her eyes.

"Such a fear!" cried Wilhelmina, "what of? What should be there? It won't bite you. No, such a fine gentleman who knows not at all who you are, and betroths himself to you in an honest way, and sends you presents from Paris, and you are still afraid?"

"If he should betroth himself to you, Wilhelmina, you wouldn't do so?" said the cook, "you would show him how much better for him."

"Stupid! What are you talking about. I don't begrudge him to Lisbeth, I don't even know him. Besides such a young man who must ask his mamma—no, no, not for me."

"Now, shall I open the box or shall I not?" asked Hinrich, "otherwise I must go to the stable, for it is time to harness."

"Now, Lisbeth, how is it, yes or not?"

"Lisbeth," said Wilhelmina, "if you don't want to see yourself, then let us see; you can go outside."

"Couldn't I—I might take it up to my room—" begged Lisbeth.

"No, no, that won't do."

"What will you do all alone there?"

"It is not so easy to betroth one to such a gentleman; we will see what he sends from Paris. Now, go on, Hinrich, open the box."

And Wilhelmina pushed the young housemaid energetically aside with both hands, so that the coachman could come. Hinrich did not need to be told twice. He was not so curious as the women, of course not. But—what would such a young gentleman send the little Lisbeth from Paris? He

\* Translated for *The Living Age* by Adene Williams.

would be very glad to know. The chisel was brought into play. The lid came up. With his pincers he drew the nails out, putting one after another of them between his teeth and keeping them there until he had the whole of them, which he placed in his pocket. Then he laid his tools down and pulled with both hands. Crack, the whole box was open.

"Now, what is there?"

"Certainly no petticoat, something hard."

"No, what a lot of paper!"

"Hurry, take it out!"

"What has he written, Lisbeth, what does he say to you? It must be something fine. There it is, a picture."

"And in such a fine, white frame!"

"Pictures are dear. At my place before the last— But what is it, that it is not colored, only a pair of black strokes, one can scarcely see what it is," cried Wilhelmina.

"There is nothing else," said Hinrich.

"Now, well!" The cook Wea drew out the drawer of the table, in which she guarded her prayer book, her best written recipes, her stockings for catch-up knitting work, also a great pair of glasses, which she placed on her nose: "Well now"—she said once more and turned the box around towards her.

"No, this way," said Wilhelmina, and turned it the other way, "this is the top."

"Yes, that is the way," also decided Wea, "the strokes, they all go under."

"Maybe it is this way."

"No, this way."

And as they turned it around, first this way and then that and could not tell what the lines indicated, Wilhelmina first began to titter softly, and then the others. Then all three roared with laughter, so that the walls and the plates on the shelf and the cans on the hooks and the kettles on the hearth shook with them.

"Now, this is nothing to set you all going like this!" cried Hinrich.

"Now, what a joke, what a joke. He has sent her nothing but paper with a pair of black ink marks in a frame," ridiculed Wilhelmina, almost weak from laughing.

But the young Lisbeth—she had stood the whole time on one side, with her fingers clinging to the marble top of the dresser, biting her lips till they almost bled—sighed loudly.

"It is mine," she cried and picked up the picture, tore it from the box, pressed it to her, and amid the laughing and shrieks of the others broke into tears as she went out of the kitchen.

She went up the basement steps and over the landing and up the longer carpeted steps to the first story and was about to go up the second flight to her room under the roof, when the door opened. Frau Doctor came out.

"Wilhelmina? Ah, it is you, Lisbeth. Well, that makes no difference. You will do as well. Something is ripped on my dress, sew it fast. Come in."

"Very well, Frau Doctor."

"Now, why do you stand there? Come in quickly."

"Very well, Frau Doctor—" The poor girl had placed the picture hastily behind her. She was trying to place it on the floor.

The other noticed her: "What have you there? What are you doing? Are you trying to hide something from me?"

"Oh, no, Frau Doctor, I—it is only—I want to go to my room."

"You are breathless from running. The Herr Doctor has already told you you must not run up the steps. You are young and have grown fast. And they hear it all over the house."

"Oh, Frau Doctor, I will not do it again."

"But what have you there? Is it a photograph? No, what is it then? Let



me see"—and without further parley the impulsive lady seized the frame, which was standing against the steps, and went back into her room with the picture. Lisbeth followed with short steps as if hunted.

There beside the window Frau Doctor Ross held the white leaf with the black lines on it close to her short sighted eyes. "Great heavens, this is really—" she turned it around again almost as the others in the kitchen had done—"truly, this can be by no one but Hellen—where did you get it?"

"It was a present to me," whispered Lisbeth.

"To you?" The lady did not raise her eyes from the picture. "You?" she said half aloud as if to herself in unbelieving tones: "The picture is charming. How the man draws! And with such simple means! A stroke here for the shadows, a stroke in another direction for the soft silky hair. Nothing more, scarcely the outline of the head. Indeed, who gave you this?"

"My—gentleman— Shall I sew something for Frau Doctor?"

"Yes, there. Get a needle and thread from my workbasket. It only needs three stitches. But I cannot go out so. I thought Wilhelmina was coming. I am in a hurry. Sew it tight." \*

Lisbeth threaded the needle. She took her thimble out of the depths of her dress pocket and sewed with hasty stitches. Frau Doctor still stood with the picture in her hand. "Perfectly beautiful! What a charm in this earnest young face. Good heavens, how much you are like the picture. It really belongs to you, what? Is it not a surprise for me from my husband? Yes, but still" she turned the picture and looked at the back—"there is the name of the Paris dealer, it is direct from there. Who sent you such a thing?"

"My,—my betrothed," stammered the poor girl, almost purple from her painful blushing.

"Your betrothed? You have one? This is the first that I have heard of it. How long have you been here in town, and how old are you?"

"I am nineteen, Frau Doctor. And I have been in service for five years, and here in town—the Frau Doctor already knows that, I have been here four and a half months."

"Since you came to us here in this house, right. Then you said to me that you were not engaged. Since then is it? And to a man who sends you an etching by Paul Helleu from Paris? How does that happen and who is the man? Naturally one cannot protect their maids. But one must trouble themselves to look out for them a little—I consider that simply as my duty. So, Lisbeth, I shall not go out now. Who is he and how does he happen to make you such a present?" The Frau Doctor drew off the gloves, which she had just put on, very energetically from her fingers, untied her veil, laid it down, and sat down before her toilette table, on which was the picture leaning against the silver mirror as she had placed it. "Well, Lisbeth?"

"Ah, Frau Doctor, I did not think that this was anything so wonderfully expensive. He said that he wanted to send me something. And I thought that there was much to get. Perhaps, I thought, a hat or something like that. And he wrote me that this was the most beautiful and best that he had seen in all Paris. Yes, and I was so glad, and then— Yes, that is what he sent me."

She threw her head slightly back with a depreciating look.

The lady had again taken the picture in her hands.

"The most beautiful thing in all Paris?" She asked and looked meditatively at her maid, who stood near her in the red cotton dress with the white apron, and the little white cap on her head. "The most beautiful?" she re-

peated and looked in the same quick way first at the picture and then at the girl—"yes, good heavens! where have I had my eyes! The man loves you and—there you are! It might really be your portrait. Have you not noticed that?"

"I, Frau Doctor? How should that be? It is only a—just a scrawl-scratch," she said half aloud.

"Do you find it so?" The young woman laughed. "Your betrothed, my good Lisbeth, has, as I can see, a very high opinion of you, but he overvalues you if he thinks that you have such an appreciation of a work of art as to be pleased with this."

"A high opinion, yes, probably. It may be. But I cannot see that that is so pretty."

"And he? How did he come here? Is he really betrothed to you? You must tell me immediately, that I may know whether he is really a man who means honorably and can marry you, such a young and poor girl—what is he then?"

"He is—"

"Has he any business? A good for nothing! He will deceive you, Lisbeth," cried the young woman.

"He is an artist," stammered the housemaid.

"What do you say? A what?"

"Artist." Lisbeth was no longer embarrassed. She raised her little, cap-adorned head freely again. "And he will marry me, Frau Doctor, as soon as I am willing."

Frau Doctor leaned back in her toilette chair as for a longer sitting. "You must tell me all about this. Good heavens! what experiences one has in these days! Where did you get acquainted with him? What is his name? Tell me."

The girl took her little white apron up in her hands and laid the seam in very little folds. "There is not much to tell," she said in her quiet voice. "I

have known him for some time. Since before the holidays."

"Three whole months?"

"Yes. One evening I had to go to town. I had to take the white curtains, as Frau Doctor knows, to the dyer, to have them made a beautiful yellow, and when I turned around the corner, there was a glove store, and such long, beautiful gloves—Frau Doctor has a pair—with clasps high up on the arm."

"Go on. You remained standing before the window?"

"Yes. And some one came up and spoke to me and was about to embrace me."

"Was that he?"

"No, but he came up just then."

"Indeed, and rescued you from the other one?"

"Yes, that was the way of it. And then he said, that I should not go about evenings by myself. And: 'may I see you safe home'—"

"He really spoke so respectfully—" and the young lady gave a polite shudder.

"I do not know, Frau Doctor. I cannot tell it so exactly. He went with me as far as the door. And then he introduced himself and I also naturally told him my name. And immediately on the day after I received a letter from him asking whether he might visit my parents and inquire after my health."

"Your parents? But they do not live here?"

"No, Frau Doctor. But he thought I was at home here, because he did not see me very well—I wrote him also at once that he had better not come. And then I saw him go by. And then—indeed the week after, when I had my evening out, I met him again—"

"You were in your street clothes?"

"Yes, Frau Doctor."

Mrs. Hertha had leaned her cheek on her hand and was looking at her serv-

ing maid. If it were not for the red cotton dress, the apron and the white cap—who could look at this graceful young appearance and not take it for that of a lady? How many ladies would rejoice to have such a carriage and such a face! Two days before Mrs. Hertha had said to her husband: "Our housemaid is really lovable. If I only knew how I could do it skilfully, so as not to make the old Wilhelmina vexed, I would much rather have this young thing for my personal help."

"And so," she asked shortly, "you did not tell him that you are here in my service, but met him evenings and went out walking with him?" People of the lower class, she thought to herself, no matter how sympathetic they may look, have not our ideas of right and propriety.

The girl smoothed the folds of her apron. She did not answer immediately. It seemed as if she was trying to find the meaning of the words which would explain the meaning of the changed cool voice. Then she raised her little head.

"I told him the second time exactly. I did not wish to go any further. But he—he would not—indeed I could do no otherwise. I told him everything, Frau Doctor, also about my father. That formerly—Frau Doctor does not yet know that—he—had done wrong. And that mother married again. And that we two are not on good terms with her. And that I must put my little sister, as soon as she is confirmed at Easter, into a place here in the town, if one could be found not too hard. And that I myself had gone into service when I was fourteen."

"And how you rang the bells?" asked Mrs. Hertha. One evening, when Wilhelmina had gone out, the girl had helped her to undress, and had told her about her first place at the village sexton's, who was very fond of drink, and when he was still asleep, at early

dawn, only half dressed, she had had to climb up to the old tower, and in all the cold, ring the bells. The picture of the young creature, half frozen, in the great gown and short little jacket, drunk with sleep, hanging on to the thick rope and swinging it back and forth, often half unconscious, as the bell resounded with its dull, threatening echo, this picture, as the girl had placed it before her vision in a few words, had remained in the mind of Mrs. Hertha for days. What an impression must this description have made upon the mind of a lover!

"Yes, of course," said Lisbeth, "he knows about that too."

"Did that make no difference to him?"

"No, not at all; he wanted to marry me immediately, but that I would not allow. To go to him so suddenly, no, that is quite impossible. When I have got a place for little Lina and have saved a little so that I—can get some linen, and wash clothes one must make; with entirely empty hands thus to go to a man like a beggar, and to one besides who is accustomed to something different, entirely different—Frau Doctor, that I could not do, isn't that so?"

"People of a lower class have other ideas of propriety and honor," the young woman again thought. And she thought of one and indeed several of her acquaintances, who had not hesitated to take everything for themselves and their families from a man who wished to marry them. "You are a good girl, Lisbeth," she said. "There, hang the picture in your room. Rejoice that your betrothed can discover your counterfelt in this poetical face. And—one other thing. I must say something to you. You are no longer a child. Even if you did grow up in the country, you must know that—Lisbeth, men, who love poor young girls, who—be careful, you must not be alone with him so much. He speaks of mar-

riage. But, whether he does not mean something different—"

"Oh, no, Frau Doctor," said Lisbeth in her simple manner, without stammering or hesitating, as the other had done, "I know very well what men can be like even in the country. But not this one, who is so—I cannot tell you how—so respectful, Frau Doctor. I am quite safe with him, quite safe. That I am certain of. And when he returns from Paris—he is studying there, something—about the modern—over painters and etchers, as they are called—then he will take me to his mother. Before she was sick, and he was here on a visit on that account. But he formerly lived in Berlin and there he is"—now she hesitated—"he will soon become professor, but now he is only a privat—"

"Privatdocent!"

"Yes, that is it. I could not think of the word at once. And there are so many other words that he uses. He says that doesn't make any difference, if I do make mistakes now and then. He says that is better than when an educated lady speaks well and thinks falsely. He says—"

"Privatdocent! In Berlin? A sick mother. Does he write about the modern school?"

"Yes. And he said that as Frau Doctor has so many books and pictures, as

Rundschau.

I told him, who knows, that perhaps she also has his newest one, which has made such a sensation."

"Over the poetry of lines? Is it Hubert Ehren?"

"Yes, Dr. Hubert Ehren, that is he. Does Frau Doctor know him?"

"I? Of course, that is by reputation. He can scarcely know who I am."

"I think not, Frau Doctor. He knows of the Herr Doctor, that he is the doctor at the hospital here. He asked about him once, because the doctor is so good in nervous diseases."

"Yes, he is good, Lisbeth. You can go. Take the picture with you. Wilhelmina need not come. I will ring later, and—only go."

"Very well, Frau Doctor," said the girl. She looked at her mistress, who had so suddenly spoken to her in cold and bitter tones, inquiringly for a second. But servants cannot always understand exactly what is passing through the mind of a lady and particularly when she has for some months wished to meet a young author, who, by his hyper-modern writings has made a name for himself, and invite him to her house, when she has just found out that she cannot know him now as the betrothed of her servant maid. So Lisbeth obediently took her picture from the toilette table and went out.

*Adalbert Meinhardt.*

*(To be continued.)*

## A MAN MAY ARGUE HEAVEN OUT OF HIS HEART.

In controversy's angry whirl  
This evil doom for ever dwells—  
To cast away the shining pearl,  
And pelt each other with the shells.

*Frederick Langbridge.*

## THE COUNTRY MOUSE.\*

The love of the country is so deeply rooted in Englishmen that we may say it is part of the life of the nation. The struggles for existence and the progress of civilization have brought great masses of the population together in cities that are the visible signs of exuberant prosperity. The "Wen" of old Cobbett, which he was never weary of execrating, contained in his time a million and a half of souls; now it is impossible to tell the population of London, for who can say where London begins or ends? The chimneys of the north east blighting shadows over areas which a century ago were fair landscapes of field and woodland. Towns like Barrow-in-Furness or Middlesbrough spring to maturity almost as the mushroom growths of America beyond the Missouri. The laborers leave the plough for the loom or the forge, as field wages fall or arable land is left fallow. But all the cities strike their roots in the country, and in the country are the springs that supply their waste. In all, unhappily, there are multitudes in the lowest *couches sociales* doomed to live and die in deepest ignorance of all that is brightest in a world beyond their ken. But the great majority have a longing for rural outings, which the drudgery of dull routine has almost unfitted them to enjoy. A glimpse of blue sky recalls to the clerk on the omnibus the days when he used to play truant from the village school, and the daffodils and early

violets, hawked by tatterdemalion flower-sellers on the street-curb, bring back memories of the cawing of rooks and the first call of the cuckoo. The man who has made his fortune feels he owes it to himself to buy or rent a seat in the country; and if, when there, he is much like a fish out of water, he is giving his children opportunities which he but dimly appreciates. So the money-makers are ever blending with the squirearchy, and old families give place to the new, who in some measure inherit their traditions.

And surely no country is more beautiful than England, with the refined yet home-like beauty that steals on the affections. It is wealthy in other respects than in the coal and iron which have given it industrial supremacy; happily the area of those subterraneous riches is limited, and the country is not altogether given over to iron and coal. Take your stand on Richmond Hill, within a stone-cast of the metropolis, or by the wilder Worcestershire Beacon on the Malvern Hills, and what a wealth of meadow and woodland lies extended beneath you along the vale of Thames or the windings of sandy-bottomed Severn! We are deeply indebted to that much-abused climate of ours, which, hitting the happy mean between the Pole and the tropics, clothes Nature in the greens which become her so well and sets her off in the changing coquetry of our capricious seasons. In rounded hills and

\* 1. *The Natural History of Selborne*. By Gilbert White. Edited with notes by Grant Allen. Illustrated by Edward H. New. London: John Lane, 1900.

2. *The New Forest: its Traditions, Inhabitants, and Customs*. By Rose C. de Crespigny and Horace Hutchinson. Second edition. London: John Murry, 1899.

3. *Wild Life in Hampshire Highlands*. By George A. B. Dewar. London: J. M. Dent & Co., 1899.

4. *A Cotswold Village: or Country Life and Pursuits in Gloucestershire*. By J. Arthur Gibbs. Second edition. London: John Murray, 1899.

open valleys her form rises and falls with the graceful undulations that are the perfection of feminine charm.

Did any Englishman of ordinary æsthetic feeling ever return from a Continental tour without sensibly throbbing to the inspiration of Scott's familiar apostrophe to Caledonia? It matters not whether he comes from the polders of Holland, the snow-girt alps of Switzerland, or the wheat-lands of chalky Picardy. There is a pleasant contrast even with the orchards of Normandy, and an exhilarating sense of relief after the gloomy solitudes and forbidding shores of iron-bound Brittany; the landscape is so cheerful in its variety, and so friendly in its evidences of hearth and home. Nothing on the Continent can rival the hop gardens in their autumnal bloom, except the trellised vineyards of Lombardy; and they are scarcely less picturesque in early spring, when the poles are stacked in tent-like form like some Tartar or Khirgiz encampment. Though you have scarcely time to note them as the train shoots by, every nook and corner holds studies for the artist, in the breezy down, with the long-armed windmill on the crest; the venerable watermill on the chalk-stream below, with the moss-grown lead and the reedy backwater; the old narrow bridge, with its sharp rise and dip, solidly buttressed against winter floods. With the waving crops in the autumn and the sleepy kine grazing pastern-deep in the meadows, you might say literally that it is a land flowing with milk and honey. The drowsy air is full of the hum of bees, hurrying like the butterflies from flower to flower, but, unlike them, industriously employed, whether on the blossoms in the old-fashioned gardens, on the rich red sanfoin or the scented thyme. You have no time to take thought of agricultural depression, of impoverished landlords with a plethora of vacant

farms on their hands, or of laborers eager to better themselves and flying from worse trouble to come. It may be but poor consolation, but it is the fact, that when drains are choked, and weeds get the upper hand, and farms fall out of cultivation, the picturesque-ness of the country is increased.

The charm of the country has exercised an abiding influence on the genius of ruder ages than ours. It has not only inspired the poets from Chaucer to Tennyson—that was inevitable—but it has guided the chisels of forgotten sculptors. There is nothing in Bewick, for example, more true to the poetry of nature than a wonderful cornice in the cloisters of Melrose with its inimitable tracery of field flowers and forest leaves. Never is Shakespeare more delightful company than when he leads us into the forest of Windsor or of Arden, inviting us to look on at the gambols of the elves or listen to the gallant chiding of the deep-mouthed hounds. The scapegrace who stole the deer—whether from Fulbroke or from Charlecote—had lain many a day at morn and dewy eve under the Warwickshire elms, listening to the "sweet birds' throat," or watching the doe leading her fawn to the couch in the bracken; and he knew well what he was writing about. We admire the sublimity of the "Paradise Lost," but we love "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso." Gray's "Elegy" is an unapproachable idyll of the back-of-the-world parish, though it has pleased a modern critic to disparage it as "the springtide of mediocrity." Instances might be multiplied *ad infinitum*, from the sweet sonnets of the philosopher of the Lakes, the great high priest of Nature, to the rustic ilits of Burns the ploughman and the forest scenes in the Introductions to the Cantos of "Marmion." But all the poets from Chaucer to Pope had done little to popularize the taste for natural beauty.



It was Gilbert White who translated poetry into prose, standing sponsor to a new departure in literature; and we are glad to believe that the school he founded was never more flourishing than now.

When the modest country parson—he was never vicar of Selborne, nor did he live in the vicarage—was writing his letters to Pennant and Daines Barrington, he little dreamed of the immortality he was to achieve. But those letters of an obscure man have gone through innumerable editions, and reckon almost as many readers as the "Pilgrim's Progress." It is easy to understand the popularity of Bunyan. The gifted dreamer, with the magic of his dramatic instinct, touched the chords in anxious souls struggling forward towards tremendous issues. He took the believer by storm and gave the sceptic pause. But the secret of White's extraordinary popularity still eludes us, nor have we ever seen a satisfactory solution. The charm is indefinable as it is irresistible. Superficially, "The Natural History of Selborne" is what Johnson would have called a pretty book; the style is simple to an extreme, with something of old-world formality. But, in his quiet way, White has flashed a series of pictures on the impressionable retina of boyhood which time and use are powerless to efface. The Hanger is more familiar to us than the Schwarzwald; the Plestor has a firmer hold on the emotions than the plains of Marathon or the ruins of Iona. And the association of those memorable sites reminds us that White has been the Boswell of the old Sussex tortoise, who will live through the ages with Samuel Johnson, though Samuel had much to say for himself and Timothy was constitutionally reserved.

We cannot undertake to explain the charm of White, but we see he made wonderful use of limited opportunities.

*Omne ignotum pro magnifico.* He looks upward with awestruck reverence at the Sussex Downs, that "vast range of mountains." With the adventurous hardihood of a Livingstone or a Stanley he explores the solitudes of Wolmer Forest and Alice Holt, with the rushy lakes resorted to by strange aquatic fowl, where there are occasionally such captures as a peregrine or a gray hen. Now and again, though rarely, we have a pathetic tragedy such as that of the ravens. They had nested for time immemorial in Losel's Wood, choosing their habitation so well that they defied the assaults of the boldest bird-nesters who harried the home of the honey-buzzards. The edict goes forth: the oak is to be felled, and the mother sits sheltering her helpless young till "whipped down by the twigs, which brought her dead to the ground." Frequently White conducted service in the church, but he was more concerned with the tenants of the roof than with the congregation—with the owls, the bats, and the house-martens, and the swifts that circled round the tower. He noted their coming and going to a day, and was more anxiously on the outlook for the arrivals of the season than any hotel-keeper on the Riviera. He appreciated the methods of silent motionless observation afterwards adopted by Richard Jefferies and others, and indeed had organized an intelligence department of his own, and a system of ornithological espionage. The habits of the stone-curlews excited his curiosity, but their haunts on the Downs were beyond his beat. So he enlisted the services of the farming friend, who being abroad early and late, would be "a very proper spy on the motions of these birds." His own residence, the Wakes, was the ideal home of a naturalist. True, on one side it was only separated from "Gracious Street," with the swinging signs of the butcher and the alehouse, by railings

with a screen of shrubs. But mullions and gables were shrouded with creepers; untrimmed fruit trees trained to the wall offered shelter to finches and flycatchers, and the low windows looked out on lawns, encircled by orchards and shrubberies, breaking back to the slopes leading up to the beech woods.

There have been many editions of White's great work, but the most recent, published by Mr. Lane, will not easily be superseded. Perhaps the simple-minded and unobtrusively pious naturalist might have found a more sympathetic editor than the late Mr. Grant Allen, who belonged pre-eminently to modern science; and the notes, brief and sometimes contemptuous, are unsatisfactory. But the indisputable claim of the edition to pre-eminence rests on the truth and beauty, the variety and profusion, of the illustrations. Mr. New showed the happy bent of his genius in his drawings for the "Life of Morris," but he seems to have surpassed himself in the present volume. Throwing himself heart and soul into a labor of love, he makes us realize the Selborne which White has sanctified. Each scene associated with the naturalist has been lovingly depicted, from the vicarage where he was born to the graveyard where he lies buried. There is a tablet to his memory in the little Norman church, with the low massive columns that indicate its hoary antiquity; but if you would see his monument, you have only to look around on scenes that were sketched by his pen and are now depicted by the artist's pencil. Here is the house where he lived and the church where he officiated, taken from every point of view. There is the sandy waste of Wolmer, with the sedgy lake in the foreground, and the solitary clump of black pines standing out against the sky. In rich contrast, the beeches of the Hanger frame with their foliage each vista

opening northward from the village street. There is the mighty yew in the church-yard, so often noted in the diary; and, by-the-way, it has grown over four feet in girth since Gilbert carefully measured it. There are the farmsteadings, the great barns and the quaint old hop-kilns, of very different construction from any of our day. There is the little rustic bridge, spanning "the deep hollow lane" excavated in the course of ages by the wheels of farm-wagons and the rush of floods. Above all, there are the cottages, specially characteristic of Hampshire, the humble homes of self-respecting poverty, not so abject as to neglect the graces. They blend with the sheltering trees and surrounding orchards, as the leaf-woven nest of the blackcap mingles with the grays and greens of the bramble. Happily, there are no slate quarries within carting distance. The lines of the bulging thatch lend themselves like pliant willow-work to the fancies of the builder, who, adding an "eke" here and throwing out an angle there, seems to have taken the vines and the clinging creepers for his models. Here the roofs come down to within a few feet of the garden plot; there they shelter a porch or a broad bit of veranda, a handy place of storage for tools and spare beehives. In addition we have a new presentation of the fauna and the flora of Selborne parish. The chief fault we have to find with these engravings is that they are not drawn to scale; but they display considerable *vraisemblance*. For instance, there is a world of expression in the eye of the blue titmouse as he hangs head downwards; and there is vicious meaning in the folds of the viper as he winds himself round the ragged thorn-stem, an animated caduceus. These drawings, however, cannot compete with the illustrations of Bewick. The graving tool of the son of the Tyneside laborer was as potent as the

pen of the scholarly recluse; he was to rural illustration what White was to rural literature. Equally quick-sighted as an observer, he followed nature as closely in his drawings, to which contemporary art could show no parallel. They breathe the poetry of realism; and as for his vignettes and tailpieces, pregnant with humor, pathos and satire, they convey stories and idylls in a few suggestive touches.

But we must pass from this leader in the cult of rural beauty to some of his more recent followers. It would be easy to fill many pages in tracing the order of their succession, and it is almost invidious to single out names among the many who have religiously tended the lamp and kept alive the sacred fires. But we may note among our personal favorites—specially beloved perhaps from local or early associations—Walton, William Howitt, Edward Jesse and George Borrow; Scrope, Colquhoun and St. John; Louis Jennings, who, after his crusade against Tammany in New York, came home to write "Field Paths" in England; Tom Hughes, Richard Jefferies and "The Son of the Marshes." Nor can we forget the triumvirate of novelists who have cast their spells over southwestern England—Kingsley, Blackmore and Hardy. Who can dissociate Exmoor from "Lorna Doone," or Bideford and Clovelly from Amyas Leigh? Any plutocrat can bequeath his wealth for hospitals or almshouses; it is a rarer privilege to consecrate a country-side for the devotion of legions of pilgrims. In our list of the writers we revere there is but a single survivor; like the editors of the "Dictionary of National Biography," we have drawn the line above living men. But the mantles of these Elijahs still rest on sons of the prophets who are always reminding us of the attractions of a country life, and who preach by example as well as precept. We must

recognize, at any rate, that their books are inspired by the keenest sense of personal enjoyment. They are so seductive that we can fancy the successful City man who reads them hurrying off to the land-agents for Hants or Gloucestershire, and diligently searching through their catalogues and photographs. For our own part we are inclined to believe that to retire to the country late in life, with a reasonable prospect of happiness, a man should be country-born, and, in a measure, country-bred. But if the secret of rural felicity is to be communicated, we know no recent writers whose works we can more conscientiously recommend than those whose names follow that of White at the head of this article.

Mr. Hutchinson and the lady who collaborates with him had a happy inspiration when they took the New Forest for their hunting ground. They need not have apologized for being anticipated by grave county historians and the sober compilers of guide-books. As well might Crome or Linnell have ceased to paint because there is such a science as geography. All depends in each new presentation upon freshness of feeling and lightness of touch. Even more than Sherwood or Savernake, the Forest of the Conqueror is still a wood of Brocellande. Within two hours of Waterloo Station the man of this century may be in pre-Norman England and lose himself, if he is in love with adventure, in labyrinths of glade and morass. To all intents, the Forest is much as the Conqueror made it, though Mr. Hutchinson rejects the legend of his sacrilegious devastation. The pedigrees of the rough aborigines are older than the most venerable oaks; till a generation or two ago there was still a descendant of the Purkiss who carted the corpse of the Red King to its resting-place at Winchester. The cruel forest laws have fallen into dis-

use, but there is a survival of antiquated names, of prehistoric customs, and of quaint feudal dignities. There are verderers still in the Forest lodges, though now they are rather tribunes of the Commons than minions of the Crown. Smuggling has been suppressed, and poaching and deer-snatching have ceased to be profitable as formerly, though the woodmen still sometimes succumb to temptation.

Among other distinctions, the Forest still holds a population apart, with its charcoal-burners, squatters and gangs of gipsies, children of nature who are wedded as ever to their wandering life, and endure extreme privations in severe winters, holding out, Heaven knows how. They are less provident than the squirrels, nor can they sleep away their hunger like hedgepigs and dormice; but the brightening of the spring and the sunblaze of the summer seem to recompense them for all the sufferings of the dead season. In that life of the woods, like the other settlers, they have developed the instincts of the forest Indian. In fog or in snowfall they never lose themselves, and they can distinguish each ride or sinuous track, though resemblance approaches identity. Very different is the case of the enthusiastic stranger who gets belated there in pursuit of ornithology or botany; in his excitement he may easily lose his bearings, and, in the vain endeavor to steer a straight course, go walking in circles like a lost emigrant on the Texan prairies. Such a wanderer, when the evensong of the day-birds is being changed for the churn of the nightjar and the croak of the frog, is fortunate, indeed, if he hear the clink of the cow-bell, which signifies the neighborhood of human habitation.

In the Forest there is no season without its peculiar charm; the wealth of wild flowers in the spring; its cool beds of bracken in the heats of sum-

mer, watered by trickling rills that take their rise in sedge-choked pools; the blaze of berries on the natural shrubberies glowing in the russet tints of autumn, beneath oaks that may hope for a fresh lease of life, now that steel replaces timber in the dockyard, or weeping birches with their unkempt silver tresses, and those black clumps of firs, which are said to be draining with their thirsty roots the marshy soil. Here the shaggy head of an antlered buck may show like a Hamadryad above the bracken; there one may plunge in a swamp into a sounder of wild swine, or risk a charge from some sullen old tusker; everywhere the thickets of the holly, the bramble and the wild rose offer impenetrable cover to all the nesting birds, from the hawks and the cushats to the finches and the warblers. A very paradise it is of birds, for it is said that of 354 British species no fewer than 250 are frequenters of the Forest.

Were we looking out for a rural retreat, after reading Mr. Hutchinson we should be tempted, like Sir William Harcourt, to cast in our lot with the foresters. Mr. Hutchinson tells us that a country gentleman, fond of sport, and preferring variety of game to quantity, will find full occupation in the Forest for eleven months in the twelve. When not shooting, fishing, or bird-nesting, he can be hunting foxes. But in a similar strain Mr. Dewar sings the praises of the more open North Hants, and he makes out a good case for his favorite district. Mr. Dewar is as enthusiastic and partial as Mr. Hutchinson, but perhaps more of a professional; we mean that he is more of a scientific naturalist, though seemingly self-taught, and he has availed himself of more ample opportunities for methodical observation. Trained on such elusive chalk-streams as Test and Itchen, he has mastered the subtlest refinements of angling, and, having him-

self written on the "Dry Fly," can criticise Sir Edward Grey with authority. The patient pursuit of the gentle craft naturally leads him into sequestered nooks and corners; and if the big trout will sulk or only loll up indolently to the lure, he has always an alternative occupation. Bird-nesting will always be a passion with us, as it ought to have been with every boy worth his salt; and we have never come across a more sympathetic spirit since many a year ago we revelled in Howitt's "Boy's Country Book," or imbibed the lore of animated nature when poring over the woodcuts of Bewick. No one has been more persevering than Mr. Dewar, or has owned more frankly to his difficulties and disappointments. He holds that the *flair* of the bird-nesting boy, questing like the terrier crossed with the spaniel, is keener than the intelligent experience of the man. His pages are a revelation of the beneficence of Providence in the lavish bestowal of instinct, if instinct is to be distinguished from reason. The nursing homes of the sweetest songsters and the shyest or feeblest birds are so arranged as almost to defy detection. The nightingale will seem to trill a challenge from his leafy bower, and you know that the mate he serenades must be well within sight and hearing; but even a Dewar may spend many a fruitless hour in searching the undergrowth for the lowly nest. Then there are the nurslings of the birds that breed on bare moorlands, taking little trouble about nests and trusting their eggs to the harmonies of coloring. As soon as these precocious chickens have chipped the shell, they seem to come into their full inheritance of craft and superb self-possession. Mr. Dewar gives examples of parental astuteness and subterfuge in aquatic fowl which may rank with the most sensational stories of the sagacity of dogs. The butterflies, the night-moths

and the insects interest him as much as the birds and the wildflowers; and he finds the "silence of the woods" in a scorching September as eloquent as the voices of the evening after sunset in a dewy June. A fortunate man, he has found his home "in the centre of dense and secluded woodlands," where the most famous trout streams of Hampshire have their sources in the Downs.

Much of Mr. Dewar's book is an idyll in prose, and more poetical than many of the artificial effects of present-day poets, for there is no sense of effort; his is the spontaneity of intense enjoyment. Take his praise of leafy June, or his evening meditation on one of the old-world barrows, when the shadows of the night and the darkening boughs are falling on the resting-place of some forgotten warrior.

The knowledge that one would have such a resting place as this might half rob the "all-daring night" of its terrors. The straight dark fir trees make rare music, low and soft in summer days, deep and resonant in loud autumn or winter nights, and whether gently swinging to the breeze of June or rocking to the wild northwest, it is always true melody that they make. In the rich leafy mould which covers the clay and the chalk heaped up to form the mound, the primrose, windflower, and wood-sorrel grow in quantities in April and May, whilst all around in the brambles intermingled with the hazel stems, the blackcaps and garden-warblers build their slender but well-constructed nests. Could we choose a better resting-place through the centuries?

His criticism of garden warblers and blackcaps, and the rival songsters in the sylvan orchestra, is characterized by feeling and fine discrimination; he admires these, but—

Among our singing birds the nightingale comes easily first, and there is no

other song of British bird in the faintest degree comparable to his. I would put the nightingale alone in the first class, and I would not suffer any bird to come in the second class. The blackcap and the garden warbler should come in the third class, of which they should be the sole occupants. Blackbird, thrush, and lark should come in class four.

This, however, is a matter of taste, in regard to which comparisons are more than usually odious. Shelley might have assigned a higher place to the soaring sky-lark. But as Christopher remarked in the "Noctes," when eulogizing black-bird and thrush, "why set such delightful songsters by the ears?"

With his catholic admiration of everything that is beautiful or sublime, soft or æsthetically sensuous, Mr. Dewar seldom misses any source of enjoyment, from the swell of the Downs and the tints of the foliage to the music of the birds and the lights on the landscape. Looking down upon his favorite district from a lonely and commanding height on a balmy summer evening, he gives a seductive description of its peculiar features, so that the reader who contemplates a visit may judge of the attractions for himself. It is too long to quote entire, but we may extract some of the passages.

It was one of those alluring evenings when the winds, high during morning and afternoon, are "up-gathered now like sleeping flowers," while the sun, hid through much of the day, reappears to sink in the west, a globe of fire. . . . There are not many spots in the south of England where with a single glance of the eye one can even dimly take in a country which is enriched by so many and sweet trout streams as these. Softness was the feature of this landscape to the south; a medley it looked of oak and hazel coppice, farms and great thatched barns among dark elms, with here a few cottages clustered together, and there the ornamen-

tal timber of some considerable country seat. But to the north I enjoyed a much rarer if less extensive, view of southern scenery. Bare and severe lay the hills above Combe, as desolate of aspect as those irreclaimable hills of Exmoor Forest, one of nature's last remaining fastnesses in the tilled and tamed south. . . . There is a glamour about such barren and severe spots in the midst of a country the features of which are softness and plenty. Green waving masses of oak and underwood, valleys, watered by pellucid and never-failing chalk springs, trim cottages, their gardens ablaze through the summer with the flower of our forefathers, lanes having great, straggling hedges, laden in many parts with heavy masses of wild clematis, might save even a flat country from the charge of tameness; but a bit of wild open moorland, a bleak hill without a green thing save its grass upon it, will always be a welcome change to the lover of landscape.

That prospect commands a rare fishing country. It looks down upon valleys which hold the sources of the Avon and Kennet, the Itchen and the Test. Humanitarians and sentimentalists may say what they please, but every man in love with the country should be something of an angler. The trout-ing season, when the May-fly is on and the fish are feeding, is the time when all nature is most enjoyable. It is the whistle of the snipe in spring-time that in memory and fancy transports Mr. Dewar to the wooded banks of the upper Test.

The water-meadows of this district, he says, are full of wild creatures that seek a shelter in their luxuriant vegetation, now that the Broads have become favorite fishing ground and the fens have for the most part been reclaimed. Here not a few of the rarer water-birds still have a refuge, though here as elsewhere the snipe, once so common, is said to be fast diminishing in numbers. "The constant associates



of the snipe are the lapwing and wild duck." Now that the eggs fetch fancy prices no bird in the nesting season is more persecuted than the lapwing, yet we doubt whether it is much less abundant than formerly, and assuredly there is no prospect of its being extirpated. It is true that the unprotected colonies have been broken up, where they used to congregate in certain favored localities in rushy pastures almost as thickly as the black-headed gulls; but they have been dispersed over the length and breadth of the land, and there is scarcely a fallow or a bit of waste without at least a pair of these querulous denizens of solitude. But the borders of well protected streams like Test and Itchen are invaluable as breeding places for the kingfisher, which Mr. Gibbs describes as—

clothed in priceless jewellery, sparkling in the sun; sapphire and amethyst in his bright blue back, rubies on his ruddy breast, and diamonds round his princely neck;

and on these Hampshire rivers the kingfisher has still free right of fishing, while his mate can hatch her brood in tranquillity in the badger-like burrow beneath the bank.

Mr. Dewar is skilled in the subtleties of fine fishing in limpid chalk streams. He says "the Test trout are very difficult to deceive," and no one who has tried the stream will dispute it.

Whitechurch, Longparish, Bransbury, Wherwell, Chilbolton—what enticing sounds these names have for the trout fisherman about the time when the yellow of palm and primrose begins to appear in the hazel coppices, and the note of the chiff-chaff is heard from oak and elm.

But the mention of Longparish and its water-meadows reminds us of the changes that have come about in the course of the century. The Test trout

were not always so wary. For Longparish House was the residence of the sporting Colonel Hawker, who in his "Diary" makes constant mention of the river and the water-meadows. Sir Ralph Payne-Gallwey remarks, in the introduction to the last edition, "In the Test he caught literally thousands of trout, when trout could be caught without first crawling for them like stalking a stag and then throwing a floating fly."

Mr. Gibbs's "Cotswold Village" is a fertile oasis in a bleaker district. But Shakespeare has thrown his charm over the Cotswolds: Justice Shallow had his hospitable hall in Gloucestershire, and Will Squele was "a Cotswold man." Mr. Gibbs was a devout admirer of the poet, and cherished the memory of the Justice; but it was not Shakespeare or Shallow who tempted him to rent his old Manor House. It was a case of love at first sight, and affection soon warmed into passion. We know how much there is in piquancy of expression; it can give charm to features that are plain or even positively ugly. Mr. Gibbs admits that to a superficial observer his surroundings might seem almost forbidding. "On the wolds all is bleak, dull and uninteresting; the air is ever chill; walls of loose stone divide field from field, and few houses are to be seen." At first he was inclined to say with Shallow that all was barren. But when he caught sight of the little hamlet, sheltering under its stately trees, on the copse-fringed banks of the pellucid Colne, a change came over his spirit. The sharpness of the contrasts had an irresistible fascination, and the vision of beauty decided his fate. The first view of his village impressed itself indelibly on his memory and affections:—

Suddenly, as I was pondering how among these never-ending hills there could be such a place as I had been told existed, I beheld it at my feet, sur-

passing beautiful! Below me was the small village, nestling amid a wealth of stately trees. The hand of man seemed in some by-gone time to have done all that was necessary to render the place habitable, but no more. There were cottages, bridges, and farm buildings, but all were ivy-clad and time-worn. The very trees themselves appeared to be laden with a mantle of ivy that was more than they could bear. Many a tall fir, from base to topmost bough, was completely robed with the smooth five-pointed leaves of this rapacious evergreen. Through the thick foliage of elm and ash and beech I could just see an old manor-house; and round about it, as if for protection, were clustered some thirty cottages. A running of waters filled my ears, and on descending the hill I came upon a silvery trout stream.

In the "five-pointed" leaves of the ivy we note the exactness of knowledge which gives *vraisemblance* to the work of great poets and artists—*vraisemblance* gave their *cachet* to the landscapes of Millais, for Millais passed half the year in the country. So old Mr. Holbrook in Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford" appreciates the poetry of Tennyson, because the young poet had written of the black ash-buds in March; and so Scott explained from the artistic point of view the value of the minuteness of truth, when he was gathering the wild flowers that grew on the banks of the Greta.

Mr. Gibbs's decision to settle in his Cotswold village was a fortunate one for the natives. He took up his abode in the Manor House and became the Providence of the parish. In his book there is nothing of egoism, but it is full of personal experiences and fond reminiscences, and it brings us into the closest touch with the writer. In the overflow of irrepressible feeling it is the frank revelation of a beautiful life, and yet the shadow of a premature death seems to darken the brightest pages. Gibbs might have taken "the

night cometh" for his motto, and he set himself, in the highest sense, to make the best of the passing world. He was not righteous over-much, and there was nothing in him of the Puritan or the sentimentalist; rather was he the lay counterpart of Charles Kingsley. Devoted to all manner of sport, he was as patient an angler as Mr. Dewar, and as pleased with a wild bag picked up by hard walking. No man went straighter when hounds were carrying a scent breast-high; he complains that the stone walls on the wolds were not stiff enough; and his recollections of good days remind us of runs by Whyte-Melville in "Market Harborough" or "Kate Coventry." But there is a serious undercurrent in his lighter vein, though it may sink out of sight in an occasional chapter, as the Colne disappears for a space beneath its chalk bed, the fact being that he took his responsibilities seriously, spending means and talents for the good of his neighbors. His system may be summed up in his relations with his head-keeper, the son of a venerable tenant, and one of a family long settled on the land. As Scott had his Tom Purdie, so Gibbs had his Tom Peregrine, and he made the most of him. Tom may have been embellished by an indulgent fancy, but in essentials he is evidently true to the life. An incarnation of sylvan knowledge and rural lore, he was exploited by his friend and master to their mutual advantage. Tom was the Leather-Stocking of Gibbs's old English scenes:—

I liked the man; he was so delightfully mysterious. And the place would never have been the same without him; for he became part and parcel with the trees and the fields and every living thing. Nor would the woods and the path by the brook and the breezy wolds ever have been quite the same if his quaint figure had not appeared suddenly there. Many a time was I startled

by the sudden appearance of Tom Peregrine, when out shooting on the hill: he seemed to spring up from the ground like Herne the Hunter. . . . The dog was almost as mysterious as the man himself. When in the woods, Tom's attitude and gait would at times resemble the movements of a cock-peasant: now stealing along for a few yards, listening for the slightest sound of any animal stirring in the underwood: now standing for a time with bated breath. Did a blackbird—that dusky sentinel of the woods—utter her characteristic note of warning, he would whisper, "Hark!" Then, after due deliberation, he would add, " 'Tis a fox!" or, "There's a fox in the grove"; and then he would steal gently up to try to get a glimpse of Reynard.

Mr. Gibbs was happy in the God-given gift of mingling with the under-educated or ignorant without a suspicion of condescension. His was the familiarity of a patriarchal chief—with vassals who were bound to him by a thousand kind offices. It need hardly be said that with such a man no day was ever too long, and no month was ever dreary. When not actively amusing himself he was doing something for others, and he could possess himself in patience with his pen among his books till rain-bursts or snow-storms had blown over. Not that he shrank from facing the elements. Some of his sharpest cameos are cut from the desolation of the downs in winter, when crows, magpies and green plover had been driven to shelter on the Colne banks, and when the hares had buried

themselves beneath the snow, only leaving scarcely perceptible breathing holes. Naturally he enjoyed the country most when woods and fields were most luxuriant. His angling rambles down his river, from its sources to his own village, will be another revelation, for the district has no great notoriety, and is beyond the range of the tourist. He is never more sympathetically poetical than when dilating on the beauties of his own special oasis, when the sun is sloping to the west in the flush of a September evening, or when the moonbeams fall glimmering through the lattice-work of the ash boughs. In his sympathy with animal nature, he is the rival of Jefferies, the disciple of White. He identifies himself with the shrewd strategy of the crafty old dog-fox who laughed all the packs in the neighborhood to scorn; and he makes himself at home with the house-parties on his lawn in the autumn, when swans and ducks waddled up to the banquet to meet hand-bred pheasants and the songsters of the bushes. We said that the shadow of the future falls on the pages, and, strangely enough, on the last of them—with speculation on the future of the soul—is a solemn word of affectionate warning to the reader:—

When the sun goes down, if you will turn for a little while from the noise and clamor of the busy world, you shall list to those voices ringing in your ears. Words of comfort shall you hear at eventide, and "sorrow and sadness shall be no more."

## THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.\*

My prescribed theme is "the 19th century." What is the 19th century? I do not mean to raise the controversy as to when the 19th century ends and the 20th begins—a question the eager discussion of which affords a striking proof of the aphorism that the pleasures of investigation do not lie so much in the acquisition of truth as in its pursuit. My inquiry aims at a different mark, and, somewhat expanded, it comes to this. When we mark off a century for particular consideration, what kind of period have we in our minds? The negative answer at all events seems plain. It is seldom, except by accident, exactly a hundred years. Moreover, it is seldom, except by accident, precisely the same period for two aspects of what we loosely but conveniently call the same century. Nature does not exhibit her uniformity by any pedantic adherence to the decimal system, and if we insist upon substituting rigid and arbitrary divisions of historical time for natural ones half the significance of history will be lost for us. For example, if we had to put our finger on the date which, in matters political, divided the last century from the present, we might for England choose the declaration of war with France in the last days of 1793; for France the assembling of the States-General in 1789; for the United States of America the Declaration of Independence, or the Peace of Versailles. For the corresponding event in literary history we might perhaps fix the publication of "Lyrical Ballads," in 1798 as the dawn of the new period for the English-speaking people, and, it may

be, Chateaubriand's "Génie du Christianisme" in 1802 for the beginning in France. Science is cosmopolitan, and in dealing with it we may eliminate the particularities of race and language. But, even in the case of science, the different centuries, if they are to be spoken of as separate entities, must not be too rigidly defined. Some gentle violence must be done to chronology if epochs are to be profitably distinguished; and I imagine that those who are qualified to speak on such subjects—which I am not—would regard Laplace's "Mécanique Céleste" (though not completed till 1825) as the culminating performance of the old century, the theories of Young and Dalton as belonging essentially to the new. Granting that a procedure of this kind is desirable if we are usefully to sum up the achievements of a particular epoch, it nevertheless remains true that no mere process of summation can quite explain the impression which different epochs produce on us.

We cannot, by cataloguing mental characteristics or describing fact and figure, convey the impression of a human personality. Neither can we, by a parallel process, justify our sentiments about a century, yet most of us have them—"the reason why we cannot tell, but only this we know full well," some centuries please us and some do not. It so happens, for example, that I dislike the 17th century and like the 18th. I do not pretend to justify my taste. Perhaps it is that there is a kind of unity and finish about the 18th century wanting to its predecessor. Perhaps I am prejudiced against the latter by my dislike of its religious wars, which were more than half political, and its political wars,

\* An Address by the Right Hon. Arthur J. Balfour, before the University Extension Students at Cambridge, Aug. 2, 1900.

which were more than half religious. In any case the matter is quite unimportant. What is more to our present purpose is to ask whether the 19th century yet presents itself to any of us sufficiently as a whole to suggest any sentiment of the kind I have just illustrated. I confess that, for my own part, it does not. Of that portion of it with which most of us are alone immediately acquainted, say the last third, I feel I can in this connection say nothing. We are too much of it to judge it. The two remaining thirds, on the other hand, seem to me so different that I cannot criticise them together, and, if I am to criticise them separately I acknowledge at once that it is the first third and not the second that engages my sympathies. There are those, I am aware, who think that the great Reform Bill was the beginning of wisdom. Very likely they are right. But this is not a question of right, but a question of personal predilection, and from that point of view the middle third of the 19th century does not, I acknowledge, appeal to me. It is probably due to the natural ingratitude which we are apt to feel towards our immediate predecessors. But I justify it to myself by saying that it reminds me too much of Landseer's pictures and the revival of Gothic art, that I feel no sentiment of allegiance towards any of the intellectual dynasties which then held sway, that neither the thin lucidity of Mill nor the turbid prophesying of Carlyle, neither Comte nor yet Newman were ever able to arouse in me the enthusiasm of a disciple, and that I turn with pleasure from the Corn Laws to the great war, from Thackeray and Dickens to Scott and Miss Austen, even from Tennyson and Browning to Keats, Coleridge, Wordsworth and Shelley. Observations like these, however, are rather in the nature of individual fancies than impersonal criticisms; and I hasten to con-

sider whether, apart altogether from likes and dislikes, there is any characteristic note which distinguishes this century from any that has gone before it.

On this point I range myself with those who find this characteristic note in the growth of science. In the last 100 years the world has seen great wars, great national and social upheavals, great religious movements, great economic changes. Literature and art have had their triumphs and have permanently enriched the intellectual inheritance of our race. Yet, large as is the space which subjects like these legitimately fill in our thoughts, much as they will occupy the future historian, it is not among these that I seek for the most important and the most fundamental differences which separate the present from preceding ages. Rather is this to be found in the cumulative products of scientific research, to which no other period offers a precedent or a parallel. No single discovery, it may be, can be compared in its results to that of Copernicus; no single discoverer can be compared in genius to Newton; but, in their total effects, the advances made by the 19th century are not to be matched. Not only is the surprising increase of knowledge new, but the use to which it has been put is new also. The growth of industrial invention is not a fact we are permitted to forget. We do, however, sometimes forget how much of it is due to a close connection between theoretic knowledge and its utilitarian application which, in its degree, is altogether unexampled in the history of mankind. I suppose that, at this moment, if we were allowed a vision of the embryonic forces which are predestined most potently to affect the future of mankind, we should have to look for them not in the Legislature, nor in the Press, nor on the platform, nor in the schemes of practical statesmen, nor the dreams of

political theorists, but in the laboratories of scientific students whose names are but little in the mouths of men, who cannot themselves forecast the results of their own labors, and whose theories could scarce be understood by those whom they will chiefly benefit.

I do not propose to attempt any sketch of our gains from this most fruitful union between science and invention. I may, however, permit myself one parenthetical remark on an aspect of it which is likely more and more to thrust itself unpleasantly upon our attention. Marvellous as is the variety and ingenuity of modern industrial methods, they almost all depend in the last resort upon our supply of useful power; and our supply of useful power is principally provided for us by methods which, so far as I can see, have altered not at all in principle, and strangely little in detail, since the days of Watt. Coal, as we all know, is the chief reservoir of energy from which the world at present draws, and from which we in this country must always draw; but our main contrivance for utilizing it is the steam engine, and, by its essential nature, the steam engine is extravagantly wasteful. So that, when we are told, as if it was something to be proud of, that this is the age of steam, we may admit the fact, but can hardly share the satisfaction. Our coal-fields, as we know too well, are limited. We certainly cannot increase them. The boldest legislator would hesitate to limit their employment for purposes of domestic industry. So the only possible alternative is to economize our method of consuming them. And for this there would, indeed, seem to be a sufficiency of room. Let a second Watt arise. Let him bring into general use some mode of extracting energy from fuel which shall only waste 80 per cent. of it, and lo! your coalfields, as sources of power, are doubled at once.

The hope seems a modest one, but it is not yet fulfilled; and therefore it is that we must qualify the satisfaction with which at the end of the century we contemplate the unbroken course of its industrial triumphs. We have, in truth, been little better than brilliant spendthrifts. Every new invention seems to throw a new strain upon the vast but not illimitable, resources of nature. Lord Kelvin is disquieted about our supply of oxygen; Sir William Crookes about our supply of nitrates. The problem of our coal supply is always with us. Sooner or later the stored-up resources of the world will be exhausted. Humanity, having used or squandered its capital, will thenceforward have to depend upon such current income as can be derived from that diurnal heat of the sun and the rotation of the earth till, in the sequence of the ages, these also begin to fail. With such remote speculations we are not now concerned. It is enough for us to take note how rapidly the prodigious progress of recent discovery has increased the drain upon the natural wealth of old manufacturing countries, and especially of Great Britain, and, at the same time, frankly to recognize that it is only by new inventions that the collateral evils of old inventions can be mitigated; that to go back is impossible; that our only hope lies in a further advance.

After all, however, it is not necessarily the material and obvious results of scientific discoveries which are of the deepest interest. They have effected changes more subtle and perhaps less obvious which are at least as worthy of our consideration and are at least as unique in the history of the civilized world. No century has seen so great a change in our intellectual apprehension of the world in which we live. Our whole point of view has changed. The mental framework in which we arrange the separate facts in the world of men



and things is quite a new framework. The spectacle of the universe presents itself now in a wholly changed perspective. We not only see more, but we see differently. The discoveries in physics and in chemistry, which have borne their share in thus re-creating for us the evolution of the past, are in process of giving us quite new ideas as to the inner nature of that material whole of which the world's traversing space is but an insignificant part. Differences of quality once thought ultimate are constantly being resolved into differences of motion or configuration. What were once regarded as things are now known to be movement. Phenomena apparently so wide apart as light, radiant heat, and electricity, are, as it is unnecessary to remind you, now recognized as substantially identical. From the arrangement of atoms in the molecule, not less than their intrinsic nature, flow the characteristic attributes of the compound. The atom itself has been pulverized, and speculation is forced to admit as a possibility that even the chemical elements themselves may be no more than varieties of a single substance. Plausible attempts have been made to reduce the physical universe, with its infinite variety, its glory of color and of form, its significance and its sublimity, to one homogeneous medium in which there are no distinctions to be discovered but distinction of movement or of stress. And although no such hypothesis can, I suppose, be yet accepted, the gropings of physicists after this, or some other not less audacious unification, must finally, I think, be crowned with success. The change of view which I have endeavored to indicate is purely scientific, but its consequences cannot be confined to science. How will they manifest themselves in other regions of human activity, in literature, in art, in religion? The subject is one rather for the lecturer on the 20th century than

for the lecturer on the 19th. I, at least, cannot endeavor to grapple with it.

But, before concluding, I will ask one question about it, and hazard one prophecy. My question relates to art. We may, I suppose, say that artistic feeling constantly expresses itself in the vivid presentation of sensuous fact and its remote emotional suggestion. Will it be dulled by a theory of the world which carries with it no emotional suggestion; which is perpetually merging the sensuous fact in its physical explanation; whose main duty, indeed, it is to tear down the cosmic scene-painting and expose the scaffolding and wheelwork by which the world of sense-perception is produced? I do not know, I do not hazard a conjecture; but the subject is worth consideration. So much for my question. My prophecy relates to religion. We have frequently seen in the history of thought that any development of the mechanical conception of the physical world gives an impulse to materialistic speculation. Now, if the goal to which, consciously or unconsciously, the modern physicist is pressing be ever reached, the mechanical view of things will receive an extension and a completeness never before dreamed of. There would then, in strictness, be only one natural science—namely, physics, and only one kind of explanation—namely, the dynamic. Would this conception in its turn foster a new and refined materialism? For my own part I conjecture that it would not. I believe the very completeness and internal consistency of such a view would establish its inadequacy. The very fact that within it there seemed no room for spirit would convince mankind that spirit must be invoked to explain it. I know not how the theoretic reconciliation will be effected, for I mistrust the current philosophical theories upon the subject. But that, in some way or other, future generations will, each in

its own way, find a practical *modus vivendi* between the natural and the spiritual I do not doubt at all, and if a hundred years hence some lecturer whose parents are not yet born shall discourse in this place on the 20th century, it may be that he will note the fact that, unlike their forefathers, men of his generation were no longer disquieted by the controversies once suggested by the well-known phrase "conflict between science and religion."

The London Times.

### AN OLD-FASHIONED GARDEN.

A lovely place in the evening light  
Wherein to rest and be idle,  
Its borders so shadowy yet so bright,  
Where old-fashioned roses dwell by right,  
And queenly lilies are clad in white  
Like flowers adorned for a bridal.

Here gillyflowers spread, till their branches seem  
A brood of chicks round their mother,  
There tender-eyed pansies muse and dream,  
And jessamine stars through the twilight gleam,  
And sunflowers and hollyhocks grown supreme  
Pay stately court to each other.

Here wallflowers open with rich perfume,  
There velvety brown and yellow  
And taking more than their share of room  
In far-spread patches sweet-williams bloom,  
And regal dahlias their crowns assume  
When the year grows ruddy and mellow.

Dear haunted garden, at dusk we stand,  
And your dim memories ponder;  
Of children who played here—a household band,  
Of lovers that haply a lifetime planned,  
Of aged ones resting here hand in hand  
Now at rest on the hillside yonder.

They have passed away but their work survives  
Its fragrance to strangers granted;  
And as their garden still blooms and thrives,  
Even so the grace of their homely lives  
Beyond the winter of death revives;  
They are not dead, but transplanted.

Ah, sweet the flowers that our love await,  
Where the springtime is fresh and vernal,  
Where never the summer-tide comes too late,  
And never a blossom is out-of-date;  
Thank God in the peace of that heavenly state  
The old-fashioned joys are eternal.

The Leisure Hour.

Mary Roules Jarvis.

PROFESSOR HERON'S MISTAKE.

I.

It was a still, summer night. Two men sat by the open window of a book-littered room overlooking a small, tree-shaded courtyard, smoking and chatting. The elder—David Heron, tall, spare and erect, with a keen, dark, clean-shaven face—suggested in his appearance at once something of the soldier and the student. In reality, he was a briefless Scotch advocate, with a turn for historical research; a man of good family and small estate. In appearance, his companion was scarcely less noteworthy than himself. Tall, also, but broadly built, fair-skinned and gray-eyed, Geoffrey Thorne was an ideal young Englishman; mild, but not too mild; sturdy and graceful withal. He stood in the relation of ward to the elder man, or rather, had done so in the past, for now he was twenty-five, and newly capped M.D., while his quondam guardian was as yet barely forty-two.

Friendly while bound to each other in terms of law, the two men were no less friendly now that their brief term of formal relationship was at an end, and from holding somewhat the relative *status* of father and son, they had come to be very like brothers. In truth, the extent of David Heron's guardianship of Geoffrey Thorne had been to see that young man, whom he had known from his childhood, through the troubles and temptations of University life at Edinburgh. To-night, they were smoking a farewell pipe in David Heron's chambers in Thistle Court, Edinburgh; for now, as mostly happens to intimacies between men, their old closeness of comradeship was to be broken, probably never to be re-

newed. After a short holiday Thorne was to take up a country practice in the west of England, and Heron had but lately been appointed to a professorship in a northern university. Thus, of many tobacco-parliaments in Thistle Court this was to be the last. Presently, from lazy chat, the two men dropped into silence, smoking and staring into the Court. The foliage of the few trees was projected in faint mass and tracery against the soft gloom of the summer sky; not a leaf stirred; there was absolute silence.

*Boom!* The deep pulsating note of St. Andrew's church clock, giving the first stroke of midnight, spread itself on the warm air. The two men stirred in their seats; other clocks in the town could be heard completing the hour, the sharper chime of a clock somewhere in the house took up the tale, and Heron and Thorne almost involuntarily rose from their chairs.

"Well, Goeffy, my boy, we have seen our last night here, I suppose," said Heron, with a yawn. "Tomorrow, possibly, I will finish my own share of the packing; John, downstairs, does the rest, and then everything goes away north, to St. Rule's, hah!" He sighed as he tapped his pipe on the window-ledge. "Curious," he continued absently. "how loth we old fellows are to get out of the accustomed ruts, to assume new responsibilities, to form new ties—"

"*Ties*, Heron?" interjected Thorne. "What do you mean by ties?" Thorne had seated himself on the corner of Heron's writing-table. "What do you mean by ties?" he repeated. Heron smiled, rather doubtfully, as he placed his pipe in his pocket. "Suppose—suppose I were to get married; that would

be at once a tie and a responsibility, would it not?"

"Yes, of course; but I never associated you with the idea of matrimony. Who is she?"

Heron smiled again, but with a certain wistfulness. "I can't very well tell you just yet," he said quietly.

"Ah!" said the other man, sympathetically, "I mean to get married myself, as soon as I have got things into shape a bit; at least, that is, if I can induce someone else to consider the idea favorably;" and Thorne laughed happily.

"H'm, yes, I suppose so," said Heron, with an indulgent smile. "Some one or other of your numerous Edinburgh girlfriends, eh? Gad! what a lucky young chap you are!"

"Oh, no!" said the young man, very decidedly. "No," he repeated, "it's to be Elizabeth Forster, if it is to be anyone."

Heron made no answer, and there was silence, until silence became a strain. Thorne looked up at his friend, surprised. Heron was staring dully into space; he seemed to breathe with difficulty; seemingly unconscious of what he was doing, he had taken a letter from his pocket, and was twisting it about in his fingers. For about a minute Thorne sat watching his friend. "Well?" he said at last, breaking the silence. Heron started, and appeared to wake out of a trance. He walked over to the fireplace, and stood for a moment, looking down at the empty grate; then he turned to Thorne, keen and alert again, as ever.

"And so," he said briskly, "you have fixed your affections on Miss Elizabeth Forster—Bess Forster, whom I remember as a baby when I was a lad new come from school. Ah!"

Thorne still sat looking musingly at his friend.

"Well," he said slowly, "it's only an idea, so far, but not a new one. Still,

I have spoken neither to Miss Forster, nor to her father, on the subject as yet. I wish I had not spoken of it to you. In any case, what is Miss Forster to you?" His mind had gone back to the strange manner in which Heron had received his first mention of the young lady, and he spoke more rapidly.

"What is Miss Forster to me," echoed Heron. "Everything," he answered quietly.

Thorne look at him for a moment, seemingly uncomprehending. Then he said dully, and almost to himself. "You! You!—Oh, my God, you!" Then, after a pause, "Have we two fools been thinking of the same woman," he laughed savagely. "Tell me," he went on, "how long has this been going on: I mean, how long have you been looking forward to this—this—" he broke off.

"Do you remember," said Heron, "the winter she spent in Edinburgh, four years ago?"

"I do; it was then that I got to know her. I remember meeting her—"

"Possibly," interrupted Heron, curtly. "And since then I have been working to obtain a position such as I might ask her to share. You never thought to ask me why I, a solitary bachelor, with nobody to care for, should all at once change from a bookish idler to a man anxious only to undertake every scrap of work he could get. You saw me nearly every day, and yet I suppose you never noticed any change in my life?" he said, scornfully. "And now?" He walked restlessly about the room.

Thorne picked up his hat, stick and gloves, from a chair. He had said nothing, but his face was hard.

"Well," he said, deliberately, "we may each have had his dream, but it remains to be seen whose dream comes true—and I fancy it won't be yours. You are her father's friend, as you were my father's; you have known her since she was a child, and you have now a better position to offer her than

I can hope for, for years to come. Those are your advantages, and you may make the most of them; but I don't think that they will count for much. You may have her father's favor, but I feel certain that I shall have her's. You will make an elderly wooer, Heron, and not an effective one, I am afraid. Girls don't marry at the bidding of their fathers nowadays, and 'Auld Robin Gray' is completely out of date."

Thorne spoke with increasing bitterness, and his tone, as he finished, was brutally contemptuous.

Heron, however, scarcely seemed to hear him, so quietly did he stand, hands deep thrust in his pockets. He had ceased his restless walk to and fro, when Thorne began to speak, and now that he had finished, he still stood gazing sombrely, mournfully almost, at the younger man.

Thorne opened the door, then turned again. "Heron," he said, roughly, "I feel almost crazy, and—and I've spoken like a brute, but I can't give up my hope of the girl I love. Good-bye." And he was gone.

Heron stood listening to the retreating footsteps. A door banged, the footsteps sounded on the pavement of the court, there was the clash of a gate, and then silence. Heron sat down at his writing-table, drew some paper towards him, and commenced a letter, tore it up, and commenced another; tore that up also, then sat for a while, frowning slightly and drumming abstractedly with his fingers on the edge of the table. "I'll go," he said, at length, and half aloud. He rose from his chair, and began to arrange his books and papers, from time to time pausing to jot down something on a sheet of foolscap headed "Directions for Packing." Soon, every chair was burdened with a gaping deed-box, into one or other of which he kept continually tossing papers, singly, or in

bundles. Books, similarly, were quickly returned to their proper places. The court was full of sunshine before Heron had finished his preparations for departure. Locking the deed-boxes, and after taking a last general survey of the now well-ordered bookshelves, and a passing glance at the vast pile of torn-up papers on the floor, he dropped into an easy chair, and was almost immediately in a deep sleep.

## II.

"And this," said Mr. Forster, a cheery-looking, elderly gentleman, "and this is what brought you down here two days before we expected you. I wondered, when I saw you come walking up the avenue last night. Delighted, though, that you were able to get away from Edinburgh sooner than you expected. Ah!"

He smoked reflectively for a few moments in silence. David Heron and Mr. Forster were seated on a bench in front of the latter's house, a creeper-clad, dark stone building on the outskirts of Alnwick.

"Honestly, David," resumed Mr. Forster, leaning back, and half closing his eyes against the strong morning sunlight, "I had scarcely realized that those two motherless girls of mine were no longer children, least of all Bess, strapping lass though she be. Also, friend David, I never expected to find you contemplating matrimony; but I suppose this new professorship alters many things, although that's no business of mine. But as regards Bess, I could not wish a better husband even for my Bess, than yourself; *but*—and this is very important, David—you must fight your own battle. If the girl will have you, and I hope she will, well and good. Now, I have to go into the town, and there's Bess sitting over there, reading. Perhaps you had better go and get it over."

And the old gentleman, whistling up two dogs, who had been basking luxuriously in the sunshine, strolled away, with a rather disturbed expression on his usually good-humored face.

There had been no need to inform Heron, or "the Professor," as his friends the Forsters already more or less accurately styled him, of the presence of Miss Forster. In point of fact, he had been watching her from under the shade of his hat-brim for the last twenty minutes. Now, he sauntered across the garden towards where she sat, under the shade of a large tree. As he approached, she looked up, with a frank, ready smile. It was a pretty face, although with the wholesome beauty of health and good temper, rather than with that born of excellence of feature. Still, without one really good feature to her face, saving her friendly brown eyes, she would have been singled out of a crowd as being emphatically a pretty girl; better still, as being a likable girl.

"Well," she said gaily, "what are you going to do this glorious morning?"

"Talk to you, in the first place," he said soberly, as he sat down beside her.

"What's this?" taking up her book. "'The Princess Aline.' Ah, I have read that myself. It's pretty, is it not? And then it is true, you know." He laid the book down again.

"True? Do you mean that there was really a Princess Aline?"

"My dear young lady, there is always a Princess Aline."

"I don't think I quite understand you, Professor."

"Ah, well! fortunately it doesn't very much matter, and I will explain it all to you—some day." He was silent for a moment. "Do you know," he resumed, "I have been finding out quite a lot of things, lately."

Miss Forster resigned herself good-naturedly to the exposition of some

new 'fad.' "Things about myself," he went on; and she became more interested. "When I was a boy, left early in charge of an uncle who was not specially pleased, and there was little reason why he should be, at having the charge of an orphan added to his already numerous family responsibilities, I was a studious kind of fellow with few friends, and all a studious boy's narrow contempt for anything outside his own particular pursuits. The only intimate friends I had were your father and Geoffrey Thorne, the father of young Geoffrey who now is, and, as you may imagine, it was scarcely possible for any very real intimacy to exist between two who were already men, and one who was still a boy. However, they were very kind to me, when I met with little kindness elsewhere.

"Your father married, and settled down here; Geoffrey Thorne went out to India, and he also married shortly afterwards. Our intimacy, however, continued, and on more equal terms, as I grew up into manhood. From associating, through correspondence or actual fellowship, with two men so much older than myself, I had grown to feel older than my years, and when I was called to the Bar, I found myself out of sympathy with the men of my own standing, while my elders ignored me as a raw, and rather priggish youngster. So I was let alone, and lived alone, a poor, briefless advocate, struggling and for a long time unsuccessfully, to gain a footing in literature.

"Then young Geoffrey was sent home from India, like all Anglo-Indian children, separated from his mother while little more than a baby, and I played Uncle David to him, looking after him in a general kind of way, and later, when, within the space of a few weeks, he lost both father and mother, becoming his guardian. Firmly set in my bachelor ways, and



with Geoffrey to care for, I felt really and truly an old man. And then—then I discovered that all along I had been making a huge mistake. You would think that I might have discovered it sooner, but there is nothing, it appears to me, to which people are commonly so blind as the realities of their own lives.—But I am boring you?" He broke off inquiringly.

"Not at all," she said gently. This was the Professor in a new light.

"Well, er—," he hesitated. "I found out the mistake I had been making—that, after all, there was truth in the stuff in novels. And I found out my mistake—when I met you at your aunt's in Edinburgh, no longer the little girl I remembered, but a young woman. And—although I am not quite such an old man as I had fancied, I am not very young, and I am afraid I am not very good-looking; but do you think," he said, gravely anxious, "do you think that you could come to care for me a little?" The girl had risen to her feet, and from kindly interest she had passed to blank astonishment. He rose quickly, and took her hand. "Will you be my wife?" he said, briefly and quietly. "Bess?"

"Mr. Heron—my father—oh, let me go away!" she cried, striving to free her hands.

"Bess," he said, anxiously, "I have startled you; but I don't want your answer right at once. I asked your father's permission to speak to you of this, and he wished me success; but you were to decide for yourself, and—and you will consider what I have said, and let me have an answer soon?" he pleaded; "I have been dreaming of this ever since I saw you in Edinburgh; I—it is only a little while that I have been in a position to speak to you, and now — But I will go away this evening, and you will write, won't you?" He still held her hand, but she no longer resisted, and he was patting it in a

fatherly, protecting sort of way, as he spoke. He had ceased his jog-trot narrative tones, and now spoke nervously and rapidly. Hitherto, he had kept his eyes rigorously turned away from her face, but now he looked down at her. "Now, now!" he said, in gentle reproof, as though to a child. "For heaven's sake, don't cry, Bess! I—I'll go away! I'll—" But, being a healthily-constituted young lady, she did nothing of the kind. Only, her lip trembled somewhat, as she said, rather unsteadily, "You will—go away?" And she smiled delightfully, an April-wise smile, with a tear glistening on her lashes.

### III.

Professor Heron had settled down in his new rôle of accepted suitor, although it was decided that, for the present, the engagement should not be made public. It suited the quiet humor of both Heron and Bess, and indeed of the remaining members of the household, Mr. Forster, and Kate, the elder sister of Bess, that they should be spared the increased attention and general gossip inevitable on an announcement of their new relationship. Mr. Forster beamed delightedly on the lovers and bright-eyed, somewhat sharp-spoken Kate smiled a good deal, and sighed a little privately, as she hustled about more energetically than ever. For Heron himself, it was a blissful time. All his vacation schemes had been abandoned, and his ideas travelled no further than the morrow. For the most part he was content to stroll through the fields in hour-long conversations with Bess; he stood towards all created things in quite a new relationship, and there seemed to be all the world to be talked about as something strange and new. After his solitary, bookish existence in Thistle Court, there was something unreal in his present happiness,

and he used sometimes to wonder whether this girl flitting about him was really Elizabeth Forster, and that it was true she had promised to marry him? Or had he only imagined a vain thing, and was really sitting before his study-fire in Edinburgh, dreaming away the dull hours of a Sunday afternoon in winter? At times he remembered Geoffrey Thorne and his taunt . . . "Make the most of your advantages . . . they won't count for much . . . an elderly wooer . . . 'Auld Robin Gray.'" The recollection troubled him, and he strove to forget it; but it would not be forgotten. Sometimes he felt that he ought to write to Thorne, but always he hesitated; in a resentful mood, he steeled himself to indifference; in a friendlier spirit, he shrank from the possibility of a final and definite rupture. But still, from time to time he felt anxious. Was the girl really happy? Or did she already regret her decision? Had she merely been dazzled with the glamour and importance of an engagement? Or was she only anxious to do what she knew full well would be pleasing to her father. These things troubled the Professor, and yet he dared confide in nobody. He would watch her gravely, intent on finding, in her expression, proof or refutation of his suspicions. An impatient look would awaken all his anxieties, a kind one would drive them away. But always there remained an uncertainty, and although he manfully strove to dismiss his fears as foolish and unworthy, there yet remained a shadow, slight at first, over even his brightest moments, and the shadow was growing.

Some weeks after Heron's arrival at the Forsters', a charity concert was to take place in Alnwick, and everyone in the district, more or less, had taken tickets, the Forsters among the rest. A great singer, spending her holidays in the neighborhood, had promised to as-

sist, and all were anxious to hear her. When the eventful evening arrived Heron discovered that some university correspondence would detain him somewhat later in his departure than the rest of the family; so, after seeing them set out in the dog-cart, Mr. Forster and the stable-boy in front, and the two girls, their heads enveloped in white wraps, on the back seat, he returned to his letters, and a little later was striding blithely along the road to the town, pleasurably intent on seeing Bess again in all the bravery of her best party frock, and anxious, also, to miss as little as possible of the simple pleasures of the evening.

Arrived at the hall in which the concert was taking place, he found the passage-ways blocked with listeners unable to obtain seats, and rather than jostle and be jostled, in the effort to reach the Forsters, he was content to stand on some steps leading to a gallery, and from whence he had an unimpeded view of the hall. There was a pause, and people were standing up and chatting. He could see the Forsters, Bess, the white flower in her hair, the tall man standing talking to her. To Heron, there seemed to be something familiar in the man's figure. Presently he turned, so that Heron got a view of his face. It was Geoffrey Thorne. But the great lady from London now appeared on the platform, there was a burst of applause, and those who had been standing up sat down. Thorne, Heron noted, sat down beside Bess.

The singer advanced to the edge of the platform, and stood glancing idly down the hall, as she waited for the accompanist to play the introduction to her song. It was the "Habanera" from *Carmen*—that strange, narcotic, passion-stirring melody; caprice with a heart-break in it. Heron stood lost in thought. The music was in tune with his mood; hall and audience had alike

faded away, and there was only Bess and Geoffrey, and the clear voice ringing in his ears. The song came to an end, and there was rapturous applause; the front seats were politely ecstatic, even the back benches were uncomprehendingly excited. The applause brought the great lady back again, smiling and bowing with careless, accustomed grace. The accompanist followed her on to the platform, and she turned and spoke with him for a moment. Heron, looking on from the stairway, scarcely noticed that she was going to sing again, the opening symphony and its attendant burst of applause passed equally unheeded. His mind was full of Geoffrey Thorne and Elizabeth Forster; his passing doubts and anxieties had suddenly grown into settled convictions. Somehow he seemed to feel no great resentment, but rather to have the bewildered feeling of one who has wakened out of a dream; he had made a mistake. The clear, bell-like voice of the singer struck upon his ear:—

"Young Jamie lo'ed me weel,  
And he sought me for his bride."

Aye! "Auld Robin Gray." The very words that Thorne had used, and here was Thorne himself, dropped unaccountably into their midst. In his excited state, the coincidence upset the last remnants of Heron's better judgment. Of course he recognized the coincidence merely as such; beyond this, he no longer reflected, but surrendered himself to every torture of an over-anxious mind. And this wretched song, which struck home to him, could be no less potent in suggestion to them. But the song was over, and a general moving about of the audience disturbed him in his bitter fancies. Some people were coming towards the door in search of a fresher atmosphere. Bess and Thorne were among them, and Heron drew back into the shadow of a

doorway; he was in no mood for conversation with anyone.

Bess and Thorne ascended the gallery stairs, and passing through another room stepped through an open window, out on to the flat, balustraded top of the porch. Silently, Heron sprang up the stairs to a fresh vantage-point of shadow, whence he could spy upon them unobserved. They stood looking down into the moonlit street, and he could see their faces as they turned momentarily towards each other in conversation although he could only faintly catch the sound of their voices, and utterly failing to distinguish what they said. From laughing chatter they appeared to drop swiftly into serious talk. Heron could distinguish the grave expression of Thorne's face; but of Bess he could only discern her tall, gleaming figure as she stood motionless and seemingly silent, with the conflicting rays of lamp-light and moonshine striking upon her short opera-cloak and white skirt. A feeling of contempt for himself seized upon Heron. He would spy upon them no longer. He felt that he could trust implicitly to Bess remaining true to her promise, at whatever cost to herself; but he would set her free. He felt sure that he saw things now in their true light, and that, after all, he was really Auld Robin Gray—Thorne's "elderly wooer;" and Heron, without another look at the couple out on the porch-roof, stole softly downstairs, donned his overcoat, and left the hall. As he reached the street he heard the muffled sound of applause from the interior of the building. He glanced up at the top of the porch; there was nobody there. He strolled aimlessly through the town and out into the country, his brain in a perfect whirl. He had done wrong, he had made a mistake; but he would repair his error; somehow he would make things right for the young people.

"A mistake; a mistake; a mistake!" he muttered over and over again, with a dull persistence; "a mistake!"

"Eh? What's a mistake?"

Heron started. Unconsciously he had arrived outside the Forsters' house. The voice was that of Mr. Forster; and that gentleman himself was leaning over the white-painted gate, smoking placidly.

"Oh, it's you, David! Couldn't stand the heat of that room any longer, eh? Came home an hour ago myself, for that very reason. Sent the boy down with the dogcart to bring the girls home; expect they'll be here presently, raging for their supper; ha, ha!" And the old gentleman chuckled. "But you were saying something was a mistake—By the way—curious thing—we met young Geoffrey Thorne just as we got to the hall this evening. He's staying with some people the other side of the town. Ah, never be the man his father was! But what about the mistake?"

The old gentleman spoke in leisurely snatches between whiffs at his pipe. He had opened the gate to admit Heron, and now he shifted his elbows sociably to allow his friend also having comfortable leaning space. But Heron merely said:

"Come into the house, Forster, I want to talk to you;" and walked slowly up the avenue.

"Eh? Oh, certainly."

And Mr. Forster, marvelling somewhat, followed his friend indoors. They went into Mr. Forster's study, and Mr. Forster turned up the lamp.

"Well?" he said.

Heron stood with his back to the mantel-piece, his head thrust somewhat forward, and his lean face looking leaner and grimmer than usual.

"We—I—we have all made a mistake. I should never have asked you for Bess; I should never have asked Bess for herself. Geoffrey Thorne is more to her than a hundred such as I, and I

am not going to make the girl miserable for life by holding her to a promise I am convinced she now regrets."

The words came with a rush, and then Heron was silent.

"Oh, ho!"

Mr. Forster stood meditatively looking at Heron for a few moments. Then he went on:

"But this is rank lunacy, David. I suppose some girls do say 'Yes' without over-much thought; but if Bess did not care for you sufficiently to marry you, you may stake your life on it she would have said so; and unless she cared very much indeed for you, you would have had to wait for your answer."

"But you don't know all," said Heron miserably. "Geoffrey told me, the very night before I left Edinburgh, that he had cared for nobody but Bess for years back, and that as soon as he got settled down in his practice he meant to ask her to be his wife. And then I told him that I also loved Bess; and then we quarrelled, and Geoffrey said some hard things; and then—I took advantage of your friendship to forestall him." He went on excitedly: "Man, this thing has been hanging over me like a cloud for days and days, and to-night when I saw them together I realized that I was no man for your Bess." His voice fell. "I'll slip away quietly in the early morning, nobody knows of our engagement yet, and I'll write to—to your daughter; it's the best that I can do."

Mr. Forster looked troubled. "This is all very strange, David," he said, quietly, "and I am almost certain that you are mistaken. We are none of us responsible for young Thorne's romantic imaginings—nor for yours. But there! it's for Bess to decide. Only, there's to be no running away in the morning."

"But I must go!" said Heron desperately.

"Very well, go," said Mr. Forster pa-

tiently. "Go away in the morning, invent a message calling you away on business—but don't write to her about breaking off the match, for a week or two yet. David," he went on kindly, "you have been moping among books until they have got on your nerves. You are terribly anxious, I know, about the girl's happiness; but don't you think you may be going the very way to defeat your own intention?"

There was a sound of wheels on the gravel outside. "Hullo," said Mr. Forster, "here they are;" and he went out to the porch. Heron marched upstairs, a little shaken in his resolution, but none the less alive, so he told himself, to what he considered to be his plain duty. Lighting a candle, he went into the little sitting-room which had been made over to him as a temporary study. He began to arrange his various belongings, but presently he paused in his work to look round the room. It was very homelike, and peaceful, and countrified. He glanced down at the papers before him; he remembered, in a confused sort of way, that they must be packed up. Then he wondered listlessly whether they were worth preserving, nothing seemed to matter much now. But this was weakness, and he bundled the sheets together, and stuffed them into a small portfolio. Some time before he had heard Elizabeth's voice downstairs (it gave him a melancholy satisfaction to think of her as Elizabeth, it seemed formal and distant); but now there was silence. Doubtless he would be called down to supper in a little, and the prospect terrified him. Presently there was a tap at his door. "Come in!" he said, with rather a tremor. Forster, possibly, come to remonstrate anew with him. But it was not Mr. Forster whom the open door revealed, but Elizabeth—Elizabeth, still in her white dress, with the white flower showing at the side of her shapely

head. She stood in the doorway, with the soft candle-light falling upon her, and the dark passage by way of background, like a portrait in its frame. Still dressed as at the concert, she stood silently smiling, her left hand set against her side, and the short black velvet mantle flung back over her shoulders, exposing a rosy flush of silken lining. In her right hand she still held her black feather fan, with its long black ribands showing against the front of her gown. She made a picture, a picture which was to live in Heron's memory for the rest of his life; he could say nothing. Thackeray's "Cane-Bottom'd Chair" came into his mind:—

She comes from the past and revisits  
my room;  
She looks as she then did, all beauty  
and bloom;  
So smiling and tender, so fresh and so  
fair.

At last the lovely apparition spoke. "Well," she said, "why did you not come beside us at the concert? And Daddy says that you are going away in the morning?"

Heron put out his hand deprecatingly. "Elizabeth, it—it is very hard to explain—" he began.

"I should think so!" she said dryly. "Fortunately, it is not necessary. And *Elizabeth*, oh dear!" She tapped on the floor with the toe of her slipper, in real or simulated annoyance. There was silence.

"Daddy has been telling me—something," she said suddenly. "Are you very, very fond of Geoffrey Thorne?"

He sighed. "Yes."

"Fonder than you are of me?"

"Oh, Bess, this is too much—!"

"Ah, that's better!" This audacious young woman spoke in a distinctly approving tone.

"Bess," he went on slowly, "I am afraid I have been very unreasonable. I

asked for what I had no right to expect. I make no question of your faith; I question only my own worthiness and fitness. But I do want you to be happy, and—and that is why I am going away," he concluded simply.

There was laughter in her eyes, although it was with something of a break in her voice that she said, "Dear life! And would that make me happy!"

Heron regarded her intently, wistfully. "And Geoffrey?" he said.

She shrugged her shoulders and

Temple Bar.

laughed lightly. "I never could see anything in your wonderful Geoffrey; and I don't suppose he sees much in me—now," she concluded demurely, a smile hovering at the corners of her mouth.

"Come," she said suddenly, dropping her fan, holding out both her hands, and smiling with a delightful mixture of fun and tenderness. "Suppose, like the play-books, we say, 'exit Doctor Thorne.'" And Professor Heron, at last, and beyond any possibility of further mistake, understood.

*William H. Daly.*

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## THE DOMESTIC PROBLEM.

It is clear to all heads of households in this country that we are on the brink of a revolution in our daily lives owing to the impossibility of finding female servants. And it seems probable that the determination on the part of women not to adopt this particular occupation will have far greater influence on our social customs than is at present quite realized by the majority.

In any case, as we have no power to arrest this revolution, the only thing for us to do is to consider in what way we can make the new order of things least disagreeable to ourselves. It is reported that at one of the largest and best known Registry Offices a lady who applied for a cook was told that there were none on the books, though there were innumerable applications for them; and that, if things went on as they were going now, in a few years there would be no female servants. It moreover seems clear from all recent experience that women do not like the occupation of domestic service, and would prefer working harder for less remuneration in other employments.

There is nothing in this to cause surprise to any thinking person. Employers have refused to see in time that the rules and regulations they once thought fit to impose on women who selected the occupation of domestic service, were not only at variance with what they and their daughters would like to have imposed upon themselves, but were in many ways a sort of insult to the women. It has been in many houses a fixed rule that no servant was to go out at all without special permission, regardless of whether her particular work was finished or not. Such a rule could only mean that she was not considered fit to be trusted out by herself. There were also many restrictions in the matter of dress, even when the servants were going to church or to visit their friends. This last must have been especially galling, as they would very possibly find their contemporaries in other occupations more attractively attired than themselves; and doubtless the young men of their circle were not slow in making it clear which they admired most. Employers appeared not



to realize that if the holy estate of matrimony was desirable and right for their own daughters, it was just as much so for girls in another rank of life, and who had therefore a perfect right to such adornments of dress as enabled them also to have the widest possible choice in the selection of husbands. They were also, up to a very recent date, not ashamed to make restrictions as to how the servants were to wear their hair, *no fringe* being a common ending to the advertisement for a servant. The petty jealousy displayed in these methods seems now, as then, almost incomprehensible to some people; but these last have been the voice crying in the wilderness, when they have pointed out to the average British matron the contemptible tyranny of which she was guilty.

So slowly and gradually it has come to pass that only the girls who are too badly educated for other employments will go out as servants, which in its way helps not a little to make the occupation looked down upon in the class from which they are drawn, and this of course still further adds to the unwillingness to select this particular form of livelihood. One cannot help marvelling at the exceeding folly of employers in general in not being more awake to the effect such rules as theirs were having, as nothing could be more disastrous to their own interests than having always to engage the very people who were the least considered among their equals.

However, my object at present is to consider the future rather than to regret the past, to discover some way either of doing without servants, or else of devising a scheme whereby women who wish to earn a living may be induced to earn it by doing some of the things for us which we cannot or are not disposed to do for ourselves.

The result of universal education, now in its second or third generation,

is clearly to produce a feeling of equality. In England we have not nominal equality as there is in France; but, strange to say, the feeling of the right of everyone to be called "a lady" (or "a gentleman") is apparently stronger here than there. Now it so happens that of all classes of women the only ones who are addressed without the prefix of *Miss* are servants. The young women in shops even of the smallest sort, are invariably *Mias*, and referred to as *young ladies*; yet they are for the most part drawn from the same social class as servants, as may be easily proved by enquiring casually as to the employments of the sisters of the servants in their house. It results therefore that of the whole community the only people who are not *ladies* are servants. This is probably far more mortifying to them than we can fully realize. It is exactly because the class from which servants are drawn has only of late years attained to the name of *ladies*, that it is annoying to servants to find themselves excluded from this privilege by a hard and fast line of demarcation; and it is interesting and instructive to note that this is actually the only clear dividing line of social class that is left among us in the present day. This feeling on the part of servants will appear no doubt ridiculous to some, but after all some of our own fancies and etiquettes are every whit as fanciful and as apparently meaningless. Nor is it at all incomprehensible why the prefix should be thought desirable, for the use of the name without any prefix has the effect of implying a social inferiority too pronounced for present-day feeling. And the mere fact of the prefix being habitually used will of itself induce an entirely different tone into the relations between employers and employed, and indirectly tend to greater consideration on the part of the former.

The other factors that weigh most

largely in causing a dislike to domestic service are the monotony of the work, and the want of stated hours and days which each individual can employ as she likes, and can be sure beforehand of being able to do so. That this last item constitutes a genuine grievance is now generally admitted, though so far no general action has been taken in any way to mitigate it.

In view, therefore, of all these circumstances it seems clear that if people wish to continue employing servants, the first step is to discontinue employing them. This sounds paradoxical, but is nevertheless true. The word *servant* must be completely abolished with regard to women's work in any private capacity, and in place of servants we must have *house employees*, whom we must invariably address as Miss Brown, Miss Jones, or whatever the person's name may be. This in itself would probably be sufficient to cause an alteration in most of the minor matters that at present help to add to the other things found objectionable by working women. For instance, no one would expect Miss Brown to wear a cap, as young ladies do not generally wear caps; and the obligatory wearing of caps is more deeply resented than most employers perhaps realize. As among the servants' own class it is often dubbed *the badge of the slavey*, that it should be so resented is not surprising. Moreover, if grown up women dislike wearing the piece of muslin stuck on the top of their heads that goes by the name of a cap, they have a perfect right to decide the point for themselves. This arrangement on the head in no way assists in laying a table, or cooking a dinner, or even in sweeping a room; indeed in the form which is insisted on by some employers for parlor-maids, with long weepers at the back hanging down far below the waist, it must be the very acme of discomfort. The only

rule employers should lay down with regard to clothes, might be that when actually on duty black or dark-colored dresses should be worn; this is in accordance with the rule made in shops, where it appears to be considered unobjectionable.

It is when we come to the hours of work that one sees the alteration will be more far-reaching in its effect on our daily life. At present the most difficult servants to find are cooks and kitchen-maids, and the least difficult are housemaids. It is therefore pretty clear that work which goes on all day and far into the evening is less attractive than that which is over tolerably early in the day, even though the former may be more highly paid. It seems from this likely that it will not be found possible to continue the system of having two dinners a day cooked in every house, (for, though one is called luncheon, this is what it practically amounts to,) and that one of them will have to be given up, and something simpler substituted requiring less preparation; or that in towns one of these meals will have to be taken at a restaurant. The abolition of the elaborate meal known as late dinner, however terrible in anticipation, might in the end prove a blessing in disguise, for eating a variety of dishes is in no way beneficial to health, far more sickness being traceable to eating too much than too little among those rich enough to keep servants at all. Moreover in the average middle-class household the daily struggle to provide sufficient dishes at once differing as far as may be from those eaten the day before, and at the same time costing as little as possible, is a never-ending trouble to the mistress of the house. Thus, though the servant-difficulty is at present adding to the trouble of the housewife, it is possible that before long it may in some respects prove her liberator. There can be no doubt that some

alteration in this direction will be inevitable, as no people who call themselves educated will ever consent to choose an occupation which entails spending their lives day after day in washing up dishes at a scullery-sink. And they are right; which of us would do this if we could possibly find any other employment?

It is difficult to enter into each point of how every detail in a new system would work. But the most feasible idea seems that each *employée* should be engaged for certain definite hours and work; and as it would doubtless not infrequently occur that extra things were required to be done, they would have to be paid for as extra, (or over) time. However upsetting this may be to our present ideas, there seems really no sound reason why those who wish certain things done for them in their houses by other people should have a power to demand work without payment which is neither thought of nor demanded in any other profession. The feudal system is now completely dead, and this question of servants is its last lingering legacy. In by-gone times, in addition to the actual payment, the employer afforded also a much needed protection, the value of which it would have been difficult to calculate; and in return the employed also gave time without any exact reckoning of money-value. Now all are equally protected by the law, and housework must fall into the category of other trades, with a strict account of its value in money. For the same reason it would be desirable that the system of board-wages should be adopted wherever practicable. All payments in kind are objectionable, and lead to a clashing of interests that tend to cause friction and ill-feeling on both sides.

There may be other alterations also. A large proportion of the work that goes on in houses at present is quite un-

necessary, and only kept up from a sort of tradition. For example, most drawing-rooms are full of nick-nacks that are not merely useless but absolutely senseless. They are too confused and crowded to be even ornamental; but for all that their dusting occupies somebody for a considerable time daily. Then there is the cleaning and polishing of unnecessary silver, for, except spoons and forks, nearly everything would be better and cleaner made of glass or earthenware, and these last can be effectually cleaned in less than a quarter of the time it takes to polish silver. It is well to keep distinctly in our minds, with reference to this subject, that the whole difficulty is incalculably increased by the same feeling of equality, though in a different quarter, that has been referred to before, and which permeates all classes. Thus it happens that people with small incomes who keep perhaps two, or perhaps only one, servant, think it due to themselves to live in precisely the same manner as those who keep six or more. That is supposed to be the essential mark of gentility. The style of living which is suited to the last mentioned, however, where the work is much sub-divided and therefore not incessant, is obviously unsuited to the smaller establishments. In them it admits of neither peace nor rest for the servants, as to live up to the standard required is a constant strain for them, until there is neither leisure, nor time to go out at all except on rare occasions. And no matter what changes are the ultimate outcome of the present difficulty, where only a small establishment can be afforded, a much simpler style of living will have to be adopted. A display of metal under the name of plate, and elaborate meals with many dishes (which last cannot in the nature of things be really well cooked by those whose wages are not comparatively high) are in no way

really conducive either to happiness or comfort, and their abandonment therefore need hardly be a matter for lamentation; though of course they could be retained if people thought it worth their while to pay for the extra work.

In these and other kindred ways much time could be saved, so that, while employers would not require a larger staff, it would be possible for the house *employées* (or assistants) to have nearly as much time to themselves as shop-assistants now have. It would not be exactly the same hours, as they could not go off from mid-day on Saturdays till the Sunday evening. But in households where more than one *employée* was engaged there would be little difficulty in arranging that they should have at least two afternoons a week to themselves, and alternate Sundays from mid-day, so that it would come to nearly the same thing. This (except in imagination, as being something different to present custom,) would cause employers little real inconvenience; as not only does it constantly occur that all the members of the family are out in the afternoon, but owing to the growing custom of one day a week being set apart for the lady of the house to receive visitors, it is becoming more and more recognized that only very intimate friends are expected to call at other times. Providing afternoon-tea for the members of the family would hardly be beyond the power of the one *employée* whose turn it was to be in; indeed to judge by the present mania for providing this repast for themselves, as shown by ladies travelling in railways, even at the risk of setting themselves and their fellow-passengers on fire, there seems no particular reason why they should not go a step further and undertake it in their own homes, if it so happened that they had only one regular *employée*.

In towns the alteration presents little difficulty, and it is desirable to encour-

age non-resident *employées* at once. There are some already in the shape of waitresses and charwomen; but so soon as the thing became at all general a superior class of women would be certain to take to the occupation, as the work itself is not unpleasant, though many dread the chance of uncongenial companionship if resident. Many of the young women who now try to get work as teachers, for which they are often unfit, would prefer housework. It would be infinitely less exhausting to the nerves, a frequent cause of break-down among those who teach, and most especially among those who are not quite up to the work. On the whole too, house-work would be the better paid, as teachers are everywhere in excess of the demand.

Whatever happens, there must in the near future be a considerable change in our social habits. It is not a question of whether we are satisfied with things as they now are, or whether we wish for an alteration; the hard fact stares us in the face that the means of continuing as we now are are wanting, and the only thing left to us is the consideration of what is possible to be done in the circumstances.

Such changes as these would not affect entertaining on a large scale, as this is already, at all events in towns, much done by contract; but small hospitalities will be affected, though not more so than they will be when we are left without servants and with no hope of supplying their place. The question of expense will also very soon become a serious matter. There is no cohesion among the present servants, but it cannot now be long before they discover, and especially before cooks discover, that they can command almost any wages they like to ask. And indeed all round, as things are tending now, the diminution in the number of women willing to do house-work will cause wages to advance to such an ex-

tent that we shall have to pay from £25 to £50 a year for any trained servant. It has already arrived at this in America and other countries, and the same cause will produce the same result here before long.

Many who may happen to read this paper will say that they would not care to have servants in their house who considered themselves ladies and therefore the equals of their employer, that they would expect to sit in the drawing-room, and so on. Nothing of the kind would follow. Shop-assistants do not expect the owner of the shop to invite them to dinner, nor do they treat the customers otherwise than with fitting deference; even governesses, who owing to birth and education are sometimes, so to say, superior to their employers, do not as a rule sit with the family unless asked to do so. And house-employees would perfectly also understand the situation.

Nothing could well be worse than our present position. We have to keep very unsatisfactory people in our houses, and are constrained to keep silence lest we be left without a substitute, which if it continued too long would result in the rest of the servants giving warning, and finally in our being left to shift for ourselves. All this is fast becoming unbearable. The great difficulty lies in the transition; but it is to be hoped that some of the offices for the employment of women, or the registries, will take the matter up. It could only be done of course in houses where the establishment was being for some reason re-organized, as it would be awkward for both employers and employed to begin the new order of things with the old order of servants. But though it would be a change, it would not be so drastic as employing Chinese or Indians, as has been suggested. To have one's entire household suddenly composed of men

(for the women of those countries do not take service except as nurses) would in truth be a complete revolution, to say nothing of the question of climate in the case of Indians. It seems unnecessary too, as there are plenty of English women who would like the work if the existing objections were removed; for we must not lose sight of the fact that it is not the work that our present servants object to, so much as the restrictions and loss of social prestige.

The removal of these objections should not be a matter of great difficulty for, after all we have only to consider what we should ourselves think tolerable if we had to turn to and earn our living; to consider how much confinement in the basement of a house we should like, without a few hours every day for air and exercise, and how many times a week we should want to go out to meet our friends and relations, and generally to make existence pleasant.

In the new order of things (that is coming surely whether we like it or not) we too shall be fully able to enjoy ourselves, but it will not be precisely in the same inconsiderate way as hitherto, for we have practically succeeded in keeping a certain proportion of our country-women in a state of quasi-slavery. This power is now fast drawing to a close, and we shall have to consider their wants and wishes as well as our own. But we shall be none the worse for that, even if it results in our having to live in a simpler and less artificial manner. And if the knowledge is brought home to us that, though wealth gives a larger purchasing power, it does not justify its possessors in any interference with the privileges and happiness of their less wealthy fellow-citizens, the lesson will in every way be an advantage to the community.

*Martha Major.*

## DORSET HUMOR.

Few counties in England have changed less, with the passing of time, than pastoral Dorset with its southern fringe of coast and harbor. No great movement of population, due to large industries, has ever broken in upon its quiet, even life; and over large portions of the county, unbroken rolling downland, pastured by flocks of innumerable sheep, seems more suggestive of a new and far-off land than of an old country. This easy, gentle life, knowing no stress or strain from any large massing of population intent upon mine or mill, and with little of that vast wealth accruing to the favored few which huge industries bring, has left the monuments of the past, century after century, undestroyed by the newly created wealth of the present. Thus in this slenderly peopled county the priceless records of the past abound, from the massy earthworks of Roman, Dane and Briton, to the glorious Gothic of later centuries, exhibited in the wonderful wealth of manor houses, which bedeck the breadth of Dorset, Wolfeton and Abelfhampton, Bingham's Melcombe and Parnham, Cranbourne and Woodsford Castle, Waterstone and Wynford Eagle—gems only surpassed by the Minster of Wimborne and the stately Abbeys of Ford, of Milton and of Sherborne. But the immediate matter in hand is not to talk of the surviving glories of the past, as figured in material records, but of some evanescent Dorset humor.

That the county has long enjoyed a reputation for humor is evidenced by old Fuller, who informs us that the Dorset saying "to be stabbed with a Bridport dagger" means "to be hanged or executed on the gallows." Unfortunately for Bridport, not only has the ~~estate~~ <sup>estate</sup>, which gave it the exclusive

privilege of making cable ropes for the Royal Navy long been repealed, but its trade in rope-making has much decayed.

From the last century has come down the neat saying of a Dorchester doctor (Arbuthnot), who, when he found that the abundant good health of his patients proved a detriment to his earning a living observed, "A physician can neither live nor die in Dorchester." Another Dorchester doctor (Cumming), who died in 1788, with grim humor desired that he might be laid as far as possible from the church, "lest," as his monument says, "he who studied while living to promote the health of his fellow citizens, should prove detrimental to it when dead."

Early in this century there dwelt for many years at Stinsford (one of the dower houses of the Ilchester family) Lady Susan O'Brien, daughter of the first Earl of Ilchester. She married early in life, to her father's deep disgust, William O'Brien, a London actor, and the furious old Earl swore that he would never sit in the same room with his son-in-law. The passage of time softened the Earl's feelings, so much so that he got O'Brien appointed Receiver General to the Forces, and gave him and his wife Stinsford House to live in. But the old Earl kept to his vow by sitting, when he made a brief visit to Stinsford, in one room with the folding doors open into the next room, whence his son-in-law was permitted to hold conversation with him.

A quaint little figure, living about the same time, was the Rev. Nathaniel Templeman, of Dorchester, with his full curled wig, shovel hat, ruffles, buckles and square-cut clerical garb. "Parson Natty," as the chirpy little



old man was familiarly known, perched on a hassock, would peer on a Sunday just over the reading desk, and one morning, in his shrill little voice, said, "Are the churchwardens at church?" Repeating the inquiry, "No, sir!" came the answer. "Fie upon 'em, fie upon 'em!" he replied, shaking his head vigorously. On the death of his wife he selected as his text with unconscious humor, "I am even as it were a sparrow that sitteth alone upon the house top." His successor, the Rev. Dr. Richman, was a man of powerful intellect and sincere piety. He had no great opinion of the religion and morality of George IV, and in the prayer for the High Court of Parliament, at the words "most religious and gracious king" he used to omit "most religious," but made up for the omission by giving great emphasis to the word "gracious." On the Sunday following the death of the king he preached a sermon, in which he made no reference to his majesty's demise, though the text was understood by some to bear some reference to that event, for it was "And the beggar died."

Another character was John Bristed, for many years rector of Winterborne Monkton. Little girls early in the century used to wear their hair cropped short like boys, but parted in the middle. When the new fashion came into vogue, of letting little girls' hair grow into a crop of ringlets, Mr. Bristed could not endure the change, and after remonstrating to no purpose with the mothers of Monkton parish, he one morning locked the whole of the children into the school, and with his own hands shorn them of all their locks. When living at Dorchester, where he retired to end his days, a nephew of his, Charles Astor Bristed, of New York, who wrote that capital account of Cambridge, "Five Years in an English University," came to visit his uncle in the autumn of 1846. The weather be-

ing very wet, and Charles Astor Bristed suffering from ennui, one afternoon he placed his bed in the middle of the room and took to vaulting over it to and fro for exercise, nearly shaking the house down. His uncle, annoyed and indignant at his post-prandial nap being disturbed, sent his manservant up to "Master Charles" with the message, that "his uncle had invested all his money in a life annuity, and that he had better leave at once." In those days there was no coach to London until early the next morning, so Charles Astor Bristed bundled out with his belongings and spent the night under my father's roof, who met him once afterwards at Heidelberg and renewed their laugh over the irascible old uncle.

An unusual surname, but one well known in Dorset, is that of Homer. Curiously enough there is a hamlet in the county called Troytown, and not long ago one of the Homers lived there. Another respected member of the Homer family, a few years since, contested one of the county divisions, and Punch, struck by the classic name, made humorous references to the Homeric battle. A local story goes that this same Mr. Homer at a public gathering, feeling unwell, had suddenly to leave, when a local humorist remarked, "Homer's 'Odd, I see,'" and another rejoined "Homer's 'Ill, I add.'"

One of the most delightful of men, alike able and witty, was the late Canon Bingham, of Bingham's Melcombe—"Parson Tringham," as he flits across the page in the opening chapter of Thomas Hardy's "Tess of the D'Urbervilles." The story is told of Canon Bingham's driving one day with other clergy to a clerical meeting, when the conversation turned upon the meaning of two places they were then nearing—Wool and Wareham. Canon Bingham being asked how he accounted for the origin of these names, said, "Don't

you know, this is a sheep county, and at Wool you wool the sheep, and at Wareham you wear 'em."

There was a story he used to tell of his driving on a cold winter's day into Dorchester, some ten miles distant from his home at Bingham's Melcombe, with the object of seeing a certain Mr. Davis on some pressing business, when the servant who answered his knock bluntly announced, to his dismay, that Mr. Davis was "not at home." "How provoking!" said the Canon; "I have driven ten miles in the snow on purpose to see him." "Oh!" said the maid, "If it's very pressing, I will go up and ask Mr. Davis when he will be at home."

"Wool" and "Wareham" are both stations on the South Western Railway, which enters the county near Wimborne, and runs by a singularly tortuous route to Dorchester and on to Weymouth. A local story, which gives emphasis to the sinuosity of the railway in these parts, relates how an engine-driver new to this portion of the line pulled up his train one dark night in the neighborhood of Broadstone as he saw a danger signal ahead. After waiting some time and whistling in vain, he set out on foot to see what the signal was, and then discovered it to be the danger lamp on the rear van of his own train.

A former vicar of Toller Porcorum, a small parish in West Dorset, was wont to relate how, falling one Sunday to bring home to the minds of his Sunday-school girls what they should understand by a "guardian angel," he asked them if they knew Mr. Shepherd—that being the name of the locally well-known railway-guard of the line that runs through Toller. Receiving an emphatic assent to this inquiry, and thinking the next step was assured, he said, "And what does Mr. Shepherd do?" The unexpected and somewhat personal reply was, "Please,

sir, he do see that you don't travel without a ticket."

An enterprising Dorset curate, who was beating up subscriptions for his parish school, appealed to a somewhat wealthy member of his congregation, who was generally known to be unduly retentive of his money, for help, and, meeting with a blank refusal, asked him to contribute just sixpence. The reluctant contributor handed him sixpence, and, no doubt, thought the matter had pleasantly ended. About a month later the curate met him in the street, and, pulling out a parish report, said, "Oh! I thought you would like to see I have put down your sixpence all right amongst the donations." The sixpenny subscriber waxed very indignant, and said the curate had no right to publish it; but the curate stuck to it that he was in duty bound to do so. Thereupon the abashed contributor surrendered at discretion, and, handing over half a sovereign, begged the curate, in the softest manner, to insert ten shillings in front of the sixpence before he distributed the report, which he accordingly did.

Not very long ago, a gentleman of the name of Aldridge Devenish was the popular Mayor of Weymouth. Some new public buildings had been completed during his mayoralty, and at a council meeting held to make preparations for the ceremony of opening them, a town councillor indignantly asked "why the Mayor was to be favored by having his initials A. D. carved in large letters before the date of the year."

Dorset, as is well known, is a great country for hunting, and every squire and many a yeoman ride to hounds. Of the Dorset squire it has been wittily said that he begins life with twelve horses and one child, and ends it with twelve children and one horse. A saying which contains at least a modicum of truth. A story, showing true devo-

tion to sport, is told of Press, the fine whip of the Blackmore Vale. One day he asked the M.F.H. for a day off, and inquiry being made as to why he wanted it, the reply was, that he was going to get married. The M.F.H. very naturally suggested that Press should take two or three days at least. But this he did not want at all; and when he was asked how he proposed to spend the one day he was proposing to set apart for his wedding the answer was that he intended "to take the missus out for a drive with the sick hounds."

Sherborne lies in the Blackmore Vale, and from Sherborne to Shaftesbury is a distance of a little more than fifteen miles. A battery of artillery had to march from Sherborne to Salisbury a short while since, and, according to the regulations, the commanding officer might make use of the railway, if the distance to be traversed was more than fifteen miles. Inquiry showed that the distance was less, as the milestones only marked fourteen miles, so the battery went by road. The officer in command, being still in some doubt as to the true distance, took note of each milestone, and discovered that two of the milestones bore identical inscriptions, so that whereas the true distance was over fifteen miles, the milestones made it appear to be fourteen miles. As the duplication of two of the milestones had escaped notice for some sixty years, the discovery was provocative of many gibes. The erring Shaftesbury milestone calls to mind the fierce thrust of Daniel O'Connell at the Times, when he said of that journal, that it was "like a misplaced milestone, which can never by any possibility speak the truth."

The barrister brother of a well-known Dorset squire, for many a long year travelled the Western Circuit with exemplary regularity. Although clever and amusing enough in private life, he either made no efforts to ob-

tain briefs, or was singularly unsuccessful in his efforts. The pleasant social life, the good company and the good stories, seemed sufficient to attract him to the circuit mess without the lure of guineas. At last, however, by some inscrutable fortune, a brief came to him, a brief to defend a somewhat notorious prisoner, and it was marked two guineas, the fee being subscribed by some friends of the offender. This piece of good fortune, as others would have thought it, evidently sat heavily upon the soul of this most estimable counsellor. He did not seem himself at all. It was whispered about that B. had a brief, but did not know what to do with it. A day passed over and the case had not come on, but B. seemed to be more himself. Late in the day the prisoner was put in the dock and called on to plead. To the profound astonishment of the members of the bar, who were all looking out to see how B. would conduct the defence, the prisoner pleaded "guilty." B. muttered a few words in expiation of the culprit, the offender was sentenced, and the Court rose for the day. The secret leaked out a little later, that B., having been in an agony of mind at the prospect of having to defend the prisoner, had hit upon a brilliant device in order to extricate himself. He had sought an interview with the prisoner, and pointed out to him, that as he would probably be convicted it was far best for him to plead "guilty," so that the evidence might not be gone into, which course would enable him to get a lighter sentence, and to clench the matter had tipped the prisoner half a guinea out of his fee.

Canon Dayman, who for half a century was Rector of Shillingstone, published in early life a metrical and scholarly translation of the "Inferno," and in later years for a long period represented a portion of the diocese in the blissful realm of Convocation.

Amusing as well as learned, I remember his telling a story of one of his parishioners, whom he found one cold, wet and windy night, standing shivering under the archway which spans the high road, over which the Somerset and Dorset Railway runs at Shillingstone. Wondering what the man could be doing, standing on a cold wet night in the most draughty place imaginable, the Canon asked him what he did there, and the reply was, "Please, sir, I be going to sing bass next Sunday in the anthem and I be trying to catch a hooze" (wheeze).

The family name of Legg is to be met with in many parishes in Dorset. In a western Dorset village a family of farmers of this name prospered much, and it coming to their knowledge that the name of Legg, spelt with a final "e," bore a more aristocratic appearance, they took to spelling it in the same way as the Earl of Dartmouth's family. They were not, however, satisfied with improving upon their own use of their patronymic, but carried the matter a stage further, employing the local stone-mason to cut a final "e" upon quite a number of monuments in the churchyard, erected to deceased members of their family. This beatification of their ancestors aroused the resentment of the parishioners, and the result was that hammers and chisels went to work, and the offending "e" was forthwith deleted from all the monuments. And there they stand to this day, for any one to see, with a large chip out of the stone after the name of Legg, whenever it occurs.

One of the most attractive of the rural rectors of Dorset, a man upright in all his ways, gentle, devout, winning and beloved by all his village folk, was wont to assist them in many little secular affairs of life, as well as in spiritual matters. An old shepherd who lived in the parish had some little property to dispose of, and he asked

the kindly rector to help him to make his will. The rector duly wrote it out, had it duly witnessed, and for safe custody it was handed to the rector to keep. A few years passed away, and the old shepherd was laid at rest, and his relatives came to the rector for the will. Nowhere could the will be found. Methodical pigeon-holing for future reference was not a strong point with the rector. After the lapse of some months, and still no will forthcoming, the relatives suggested that the rector should apportion the old shepherd's property among them. The rector was still in trouble, for he could not recall the intentions of the testator. But feeling that a responsibility devolved upon him to bring about some solution of the difficulty, he grappled with it as best he could, and apportioned the property to the entire satisfaction of the surviving relatives. Time passed on, and some two years later, in the pocket of his writing desk, he found the lost will, and then to his dismay discovered that his apportionment in no respect complied with the terms of the will. What was to be done? After pondering over the situation for a while, he took the belated will and consigned it to the flames of his study fire. The relatives were left in undisturbed harmony, but the old shepherd's wishes were never carried out. Who can say that the rector's happy ignorance of the penalties of the law was not all for the best, and that in such a case "twere folly to be wise?"

A familiar figure on market days in the county town of Dorset for many a long year was William Barnes, the Dorset poor man's poet, quaintly attired in slouch hat, knee-breeches and buckled shoes, with a Scotch plaid wound about him, and a stout staff in his hand. He seemed to prefer the middle of the street to the pavement, and to be thinking of matters which had nothing to do with the scene before

him. Halting at the four cross ways in the centre of the town, he would pull his old-fashioned watch from a deep fob and set it by the town clock. Having completed this first act, he turned about, and methodically proceeded about the other business which brought him on Saturdays into town.

William Barnes sang his songs in his native Doric almost all in the early fifties, much as a bird trills out its ditty, and they soon got fast hold of the people whose dialect they were written in. Grave and gay, they touched all hearts. Before saying something of the humor of William Barnes, let me quote one stanza from "The Voices that be gone."

How mother, when we us'd to stun  
Her head wi' all our naisy fun,  
Did wish us all a-gone vrom home,  
An' now that zome be dead, an' zome  
Be gone, an' all the place is dum',  
How she do wish, wi' useless tears,  
To have agen about her ears  
The vaices that be gone.

Before William Barnes took Orders, and settled down in a country living, he kept a school, and in the early days of the Indian Civil Service examinations, one of his pupils, with no tuition other than what he received from Barnes, came out at the top of the list of successful candidates. His master was forthwith deluged with letters from parents offering him their sons as pupils, but, with modesty and humor, William Barnes wrote to decline their offers, saying "It took two to do it."

On the little lawn of the poet's picturesque rectory at Came, there used to crouch two lions in stone. When little children came to visit him, he used to excite their interest and curiosity by telling them that "the lions always roared when they heard the clock strike twelve." William Barnes was very fond of children and used to wish that people would record more

children's sayings. A lady told him of a question put to her in the Sunday-school: "Please, ma'am, does God keep His angels in bottles?" "No, my dear, why should He?" "Please, ma'am, because mother keeps her spirits in bottles." William Barnes at once observed, "A child's reasoning is mostly right, its premises are often wrong from ignorance, but its observation is right as far as it goes." *A propos* of preserving the sayings of children, I may here relate the observation of a small Dorset boy, made to me at a children's dance, some few years ago. Seeing that he had been dancing the whole evening with one little girl, but that at the moment of speaking to him she had apparently found another partner, I said, "How is it, Reggie, that you are not dancing with Susy this dance?" "Oh!" replied the diminutive lord of creation, "I have lent her to Tom for this dance."

A Dorset doctor of somewhat boastful temperament was dining one day at a big dinner party, when the conversation after dinner turned upon the army as a profession. The doctor remarked that his parents had made a great mistake in not sending him into the army, for which he declared himself eminently fit. "Oh, you make a great mistake," said a Dorset squire across the table; "you would not have killed half as many if you had gone into the army as you have in your own profession."

A great character among the shepherds of Dorset was one "Nat" Seale. A solitary shepherd upon the downs of Dorset, through his long life of four-score years and ten, he was brimful of native wit. Religious topics were not to his mind. The curate of Fordington, where the old shepherd spent the last few years of his life, tried on many occasions to get "Nat" to talk on religious subjects, but he always turned the conversation. At last, one

day, the curate got him so far as to speak to him of Christ, when the old man, turning upon him, said, "Well, He were the Good Shepherd, wer'n't He?" The curate assenting, the old shepherd added, with strong emphasis, "Well, I tell'ee what I believe. I don't believe as one Shepherd will ever round upon another shepherd"—savoring something of the philosophy of Omar the tent maker, "He's a good fellow, and 'twill all be well." So ended this portion of their conversation, and not another word would the old shepherd say upon the subject.

Another Dorset shepherd, "Rifleman" Harris of Blandford, fought through the Peninsular War, and has left one of the very few records of past campaigns, as seen from the point of view of a soldier in the ranks. The Dorset shepherds were a small race of men, and the Dorset regiment, which in the long war at the beginning of the century was largely recruited from among them, went by the sobriquet of "The Little Shepherds." Rifleman Harris, himself only five feet five inches in height, had an intense dislike for tall men, and makes all his villains over six feet. In the retreat from Vigo, he avers that the tall men were the greatest grumblers, the greatest eaters and the worst fighters, and bore fatigue much worse than the short soldiers.

Dorset soldiers in the ranks have not, however, all been diminutive. Sergeant Davy of the Guards, who fought through the Crimean War, stood well over six feet in his shoes. I remember his telling me that as they were settling down into a gallop for a terrific charge, the bullets hissing round them, his mate who rode next him shouted out: "This is a damned rum way of earning a living, ain't it, Bill?"

The cenotaph to the great Duke of Wellington, which stands in St. Paul's Cathedral, was the work of a genuine Blandford boy, Alfred Stevens, whose

father was a tradesman in that town, and his mother the daughter of a neighboring farmer. This grand monument, the finest of its kind produced in this century, and equal to the best work of the period of the Italian Renaissance, occupied many years of his life, and although paid for by the State, its creator was ill requited for his labors. Alfred Stevens intended to complete this monument with an equestrian statue of the Duke; but he counted without the Dean and Chapter, who put their veto upon this, on the ground that a horse was a profane animal, which led Punch to ask whether the Dean and Chapter would prefer a donkey.

Our village milkman, some years ago now, rejoiced in the patronymic of Meagher, and the milk he vended only too often corresponded in quality with his name. So much did the village folk resent the poverty of his milk, that in the small hours of one winter's night some of them called him out of bed, telling him to come down without delay, as his best cow was choking. Down hurried old Meagher, to find all right in the dairy, and only a carrot stuck in the nozzle of the pump.

The rector of a parish not far from Weymouth was complaining to one of his women parishioners that she did not bring her children to be baptized. "Please, sir," she said, "they be all girls and it's no use baptizing they." The rector was puzzled, and then discovered that the good woman thought the main object of baptism was to ensure what she called "lines"—in other words a baptismal certificate needed for boys who want to enter the Navy.

Dorset cheese, locally known as "blue vinny," enjoys a doubtful reputation. When first made, it is of the color and almost the consistency of the chalk which underlies the Dorset downs. After keeping a while it takes on a pale, blue-veined (vinney'd) appearance, and



becomes, though always hard, more palatable. William Barnes, after reading some of his poems one evening to a large gathering of the Dorset militia, propounded a riddle which went home to them. "Tell me, my men," said he, "why the Dorset militia is like blue vinny." "Because," he added, "they'll both stand fire and never run." His joke at the unmelting moods of Dorset cheese was thoroughly appreciated. Another story anent blue vinny relates how two Gillingham farmers differing as to the merits of blue vinny, the detractor of its qualities offered to bet the other a sovereign that he could not get two Dorset cheeses stolen. The bet being taken, it was arranged that at bedtime a cheese should be left on the doorstep when the house was locked up, to see if any one would take it away by the morning. Next morning the cheese was gone, to the great delight of the backer of blue vinny, and the following night the second cheese was duly locked out on the doorstep. Next day, to his great chagrin, both of the cheeses lay side by side on the doorstep.

Lectures delivered in Dorset have not been without their humorous side. Not long ago a "Universities Extension" lecturer gave a course of lectures upon Dante, which was largely attended by young women from the neighboring country houses and rectories. The first lecture was mainly taken up with a description of the definiteness and neatness of Dante's "Inferno," "accurately separated into circles with well-pointed compasses; mapped and properly surveyed in every direction, trenched in a thoroughly good style of engineering, and divided into a concentric series of moats and embankments like those about a castle, with bridges from each embankment to the next" (Ruskin, "Modern Painters"). The whole lecture was represented by but three words on the notes of one of

the listeners; her terse record was, "Hell very neat."

Another series of lectures was given in connection with higher religious education, attended in the main by the same class of students as the Dante lectures. The first group of lectures in this series was upon the Fourth Gospel, and the lecturer laid great stress upon the authenticity of the Gospel as written by St. John. At the close of the lectures an examination by papers was held, and in half the papers sent up grave doubts were expressed as to St. John being the author of the Fourth Gospel. As in all probability not one of those attending the lectures had, before the lectures were given, so much as heard that the point was in dispute, the lecturer was naturally much distressed to find that he had raised doubts where none previously existed—that his labors to prove the authenticity of the Fourth Gospel had had precisely the opposite result.

A widower in a somewhat prominent position in life had inscribed upon his late wife's tomb, "The light of mine eyes is gone from me." Taking unto himself a second wife with remarkable promptitude, a Dorset yokel scrawled as his comment upon the text set forth upon the tablet, "But he soon struck another match."

A kind-hearted and wealthy man, who had from small beginnings built up a large fortune, used to allow the public to freely traverse two of his estates. He had put up a notice, asking for good conduct from his visitors, and stating that "the two estates is the property of So-and-so, Esq." Some humorous passer-by struck out the word "is," and wrote over it "am." The owner of the property, seeing the alteration, turned to a friend who was with him, and in all innocence asked "which was right?" His companion gently suggested that it might be even better if the word "are" was substituted.

Mr. Francis Fane, who first sat for Dorchester in 1790, was desperately fond of practical joking, and travelling one day to London inside the coach, the heavily laden pocket in the coat-tail of the Dorchester barber who was outside hung down temptingly near the open window. Mr. Fane could not resist the opportunity of slitting the barber's pocket and extracting its contents, which proved to be a large packet of bank notes, which had been entrusted to the barber to deliver safely in London. When the barber discovered his loss, his dismay was great, and after he had been reduced to a state of desperation, Mr. Fane produced the packet of notes, and by way of amends proposed to give the barber a dinner at the White Horse Cellar in London. The dinner took place on the afternoon fixed for the barber's return to Dorchester, and the barber waxing mellow, plied with good liquor, Mr. Fane assisted him into the night coach for Dorchester in Oxfordshire, where the bewildered barber in the early hours of the morning could neither find his pole nor his local landmark, the town pump, hard by which was his shop.

Times were rougher in those days than now. "Hangings" were then looked forward to, as a pleasant break in the dulness of life. Said an old Dorset shepherd, pointing to where the gibbet stood on the wild downs near Cranbourne, "A hanging was a pretty sight when I were a boy, for the sheriff and javelin men came a horse-back, and they all stopped for refreshment at the inn near by, as they'd come a long way, and we all had a drink." "And did the man who was going to be hanged have anything?" "Lord! yes, sir, as much strong beer as he liked, and we all drank his health; and

then they hanged he, and buried him by the gibbet."

The gay wit of Lord Allington needs no bush. When county councils were established in 1889 Lord Allington stood for a division in Dorset as a county councillor, and had for an opponent a county parson from the neighborhood. The parson, carried away by the fervor of the contest, told his would-be constituents, in somewhat rhetorical language, that he "was prepared to die for them." In spite of this generous offer, when the contest was over, it was found that Lord Allington had been returned by a thumping majority. In his address that evening to the electors, thanking them for his election, Lord Allington humorously said that he had "no intention whatever of dying for his constituents, he meant to live for them, and he thought that they had shown, by electing him, that they considered that "a live lord was better than a dead parson."

Early in the nineties a close parliamentary contest was waged for the Southern Division of Dorset, and shortly after the election was over, the elected member and the defeated candidate attended an agricultural dinner, when it fell to the lot of the latter to propose the toast of the Houses of Parliament. The dinner was held in a large marquee, which was creaking and groaning under the strain of a bolsterous storm of wind and wet raging outside. The speaker, in making reference to his successful opponent, happily said "that whatever might have been their respective feelings on a recent occasion, on that particular day they were in complete accord, for they were both of them entirely satisfied, not only with the state of the canvass, but also with the state of the poll" (pole).

## DIPLOMATIC INEPTITUDE AND THE CHINESE WAR.\*

I have long wished to record my protest against the entire faith reposed by us Europeans in the sagacity and finesse of our diplomatic methods. It probably dates from the time when embassies were an indispensable necessity without which intercourse between nations was virtually impossible; for which reason the representatives of a country were bound to represent it seriously, and fairly to interpret its needs and desires, at the risk of being held responsible for grave disaster. Still more, as I think, is the diplomatic legend due to the fact that our diplomats, who are usually selected from among the richest and most highly born of our citizens, and who always receive handsome pay, have gloried in assuming an air of lofty dignity, in impressive silence and appropriate gestures, while the actual attention bestowed upon their proper business was in an inverse ratio to its importance: just as the poor Machiavellis and Guicciardinis of the olden time, reduced to inaction by the Medici government, used to send bustling couriers from point to point within their territory, in order to give themselves the air of transacting important state-business, when the matter in hand might perhaps be the choice of a preaching friar for the capital city. At present our foreign representatives occupy themselves with sport rather than sermons, with state-balls, receptions, formal visits, official reports and the observance of minute points of etiquette:—seldom indeed, save under exceptional circumstances, with a careful study of the commercial, social and political conditions of the countries to which they are accredited. And how should it be otherwise? In their appointment, the

first requisite is held to be that they should be titled nobility of the old-fashioned stamp; the second that they should have large private means and a general disposition to spend money lavishly in vain display. If not noble, they must be men of high military rank, of whose ability to manage matters outside their own sufficiently difficult sphere we have lately had some striking illustrations.

It is thus that I explain the heavy misfortunes we have lately sustained through revolts in various places, and those disastrous military enterprises, entirely disproportionate to the strength of the foe into which the most intelligent among us may well have been betrayed through a lack of proper diplomatic information, through not having been warned in time of the dangers we were confronting. I say nothing of that perilous moment when we discovered the previously unsuspected fact that the foe was upon us in Africa, one hundred thousand strong, and when we came within an ace of plunging into a general war and of losing both our insignificant navy and the small amount of money still remaining in our treasury, by invading a country which we could never have conquered, and which would have been of no use to us, if we had done so. Fortunately or unfortunately we are not alone. Germany, and even England, hitherto supposed to be so exceptionally well-informed about the condition of foreign peoples, are showing, in this matter of the Chinese insurrection, an immense ignorance of a country which, as I myself in these pages<sup>1</sup> and many others elsewhere, have vainly attempted to show, possesses an enormous popula-

\*Translated for *The Living Age*.

<sup>1</sup> *Italy in China, and the Yellow Danger*. Nuova Antologia. March 15, 1899.

tion, a civilization differing widely from our own indeed, but ancient and powerful, and a tenacious and exclusive sentiment of patriotic and filial devotion; a country, too, which, from having been able to avoid the divisions and disasters which the rest of us have sustained through militarism, feudalism, industrialism and priestly superstition, constitutes for Europe a tremendous menace; not merely on account of the resistance which may be expected from innumerable hordes inspired by political fanaticism, but through the perpetual revolts due to an invincible antipathy of race which would be sure to arise, even if victory were won. Add also the fact that being able to command the best kind of manual labor at a much lower price than we, subjugated China would soon effect a far worse than warlike invasion of our territory, appearing in our markets as a most formidable industrial competitor.

But the diplomatists of Europe, animated by ideas which are, to say the least of it, academic and out of date, have been placing full reliance on their land and naval forces, and the supposed strategic weakness of the foe. They have overlooked the fact that what is needed to make a good soldier is a thing so quickly learned as to make it well worth the while even of a nation which had advanced to a higher point of civilization in this respect, to take a step backward and turn warlike again. Also that a nation animated by a mighty passion is to some extent independent of artful strategy, and can moreover impart to its soldiers that utter contempt for death which renders them peculiarly formidable to men fighting far away from home, who easily forget that they are fighting for an idea and are all the sooner discouraged, because they arrive in a presumably unhealthy country, worn out by an exhausting sea-voyage, and knowing perfectly well that if they do fall

into the hands of the enemy they may expect the most cruel treatment.

But the majority of our diplomatists in the East care for none of these things. Several of those, especially of the other Powers, who have been longest on the spot, have large interests on the turf. One is not a diplomat for nothing, and sport is of course the great concern. But meanwhile they have quite overlooked both the volcano seething under their feet and the perfect mutual accord subsisting in China, between the common people, the government, the army and the religious sects; an accord rendered sufficiently apparent by the movement of troops, casually noted now and again in some Anglo-Oriental journal, and by the alleged murder of occasional Europeans. They have been equally apathetic about the immense improvement both in the instruments and the art of warfare, which China has achieved since the war with Japan; the fact being that she has purchased no less than 600,000 muskets with money raised on European loans, by the sage advice of diplomatists who plumed themselves on the transaction and regarded it as a triumph of one of the Powers, namely Russia, over the others, and over England in particular.

I am but an insignificant quill-driver, without wealth or title, who have already denounced the Yellow Danger, and the absolute futility of attempting to conquer a people so compact and so superior, in many ways, to ourselves as the people of China. But it is hardly to be expected that the traveller in a coroneted carriage should pay much heed to the suggestions of a halting pedestrian, who has immersed himself in books and maps instead of covering his breast with orders. Are there not those who still defend the expedition of San Mun, notwithstanding the fact that if it had not been thwarted by the Opposition, we should be at this moment in the throes of an enormously

costly and utterly profitless war? And our ignorance is apparently shared by those whom we have been accustomed to regard as the ablest of all statisticians and diplomatists,—I mean the Germans, who are lamenting, by the mouth of their emperor, that they have not already helped themselves to a larger piece of China! As if the energy, the zeal and the huge numbers of the Chinese—distant as they are from Germany—were quantities so entirely *négligeable*, that nothing would have been needed for their complete subjugation except a few more ships than the Germans happened to have in hand; not to mention the fact that the said ships—if they had had them, could never have navigated the great rivers and canals which are the principal channels of communication throughout that mighty empire.

It is much the same with America, involved against her own fundamental principles, and with an insufficient fighting force, in a costly and most unpopular war against the Philippines, whose only sin is a desire to be free, and over whom, after a year's fighting, the United States have not gained one jot of substantial advantage.

Even more inadequate to the occasion have the statesmen of England shown themselves in the war with the Boers, whom they confidently expected to beat in a few months; utterly ignoring the immense tactical, geographical and especially ethnical difficulties they had to encounter;—and simply deriding the rest of us when we foretold the same.

And now it is said that the English had not even a trustworthy topographical map of the country about Tien-Tsin, and it is certain that Seymour plunged into an almost impracticable territory, where both water and grain were scarce, with a dash that may have been heroic, but which we cannot but consider reckless, even while

we make vows for his complete success in the rescue of the colonists and legations.

But when I hear certain strong partisans crying out, "You see now! Antimilitarism is utterly bankrupt and everything goes to show that what we have now to do is to increase our inadequate armaments an hundred fold!" I answer most emphatically, "Not at all! It is diplomacy which is bankrupt. It is the diplomats, who instead of restraining the dangerously rapacious impulses of the peoples whom they represent, have spurred them on, blindfold, to certain defeat, through the quality of the climate in which they had to fight, and the character of the populations they were expected to subdue. Whereas, on the other hand, if we had had the wisdom to bridle all this vain bluster, we might have remained in the secure enjoyment of such blessings as arise from a good mutual understanding among the European states, and our own troops need never have been exposed in action save under the circumstances when action is required, and supported by those grand ideals which are the best inspiration in warfare, and the strongest bond.

No,—what we need at this moment is not to reinforce our armaments and multiply their instruments of destruction, but to protect life and property by the selection of good foreign representatives. Let them be wealthy and titled if need be, but let them at all events be thoroughly instructed; and to this end let us strenuously require a many-sided culture; most of all in the languages of the lands to which they are sent, their history and their ethnography. Let the standard be as high as for university professorships—and higher, since our diplomats hold in their hands the destinies of the whole country. Let us revive the practice of the mediæval republics—especially of Venice and Florence—by insisting on

regular and minute reports concerning the general drift of things in the nations to which our representatives are accredited. A reform of this nature might also prove most advantageous, for the commercial and industrial progress of each individual country. If the embassies were real centres of information, analysis and industrial re-

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search—as the Consulates actually are, to some extent—they would be in closer touch, both with the countries where they are established and those which they represent, and which are now lavishing sums so disproportionate to the results obtained in the Transvaal, the Philippines and at Pekin.

*Caesare Lombroso.*

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### THE POPLAR.

The life of the slow, scented gale  
Dies on the sunny hill,  
The stream steals voiceless through the vale,  
The listening woods are still.

The gold-green oaks that shade the land  
No movement make, or sound,  
The sycamores and cedars stand  
Mute in a dream profound.

Of all the sylvan band alone  
At its far trembling height,  
The poplar on its island-throne  
Is troubled with delight.

A spirit stirs its leafy peak,  
As though it held in air  
Discourse with shapes unseen that speak  
Celestial tidings there.

So souls that soar may feel, may see  
A freedom and a glow,  
Which bless not the grey apathy  
Creeping content below.

May catch the heightened moods that bring  
The thoughts that burn and shine;  
May hear the stars of morning sing,  
And drink the winds divine.



A TRAMP THROUGH THE FOREST OF FONTAINEBLEAU.

A solitary walking tour is not for the genial mind the most alluring of dissipations. It is all very well to proclaim oneself a vagabond, and hobnob with roadside rascals, village innkeepers, slouching peasants and women loaded with baskets by way of social converse. A walking tour is best enjoyed *à deux*. It is some time now since I have projected a prolonged tramp through the forest of Fontainebleau, but have never been able to carry out my plan, for lack of a comrade. Women may bicycle, but alas! the tramp's vocation is rarely revealed in them. They do not like idle exercise through miles of wood, though they will gladly wear shoe-leather for hours at a stretch on pavements lined with shops. Their general understanding of Fontainebleau is a "Murray" or "Badeker" superintended visit to the Palace, edifying reflections in the Allée of Madame de Maintenon, a drive at the coachman's will and pleasure to the accepted point of admiration, and an unusually long hotel bill. For the hotels of Fontainebleau are famed purse-unloaders. With this conventional experience I was familiar, and had no mind to renew it. What I yearned for was the experiment of sleep beneath the trees, hours of idle gazing; to break away from the high roads of the forest and, if possible, in spite of blue arrows and rigid instructions on all sides for the wanderer's guidance, to lose myself among the diverse aisles and naves of that cheerful cathedral.

Chance one evening led to my door the ideal comrade: a youth, not so young as to fill me with alarm of spirits and enthusiasm pitched too high for my own more cynical and more sober hour; not so old as to cause misgivings on the score of scandal, propriety

or sentiment. Not in the least literary, though fond of books, and capable of talking of them; nothing of the Bohemian or artist, which I devoutly abhor; able to keep his demeanor of nice and well-mannered young fellow while drowsily lolling under benignant foliage at an African temperature, with hat tilted over eyes, in abandoned shirt-sleeves. In a word, an admirable travelling companion, with temper well in training and courtesy ever on the surface; neither effaced nor aggressive in character; to whose judgment I found it extremely fresh and diverting to relinquish all the details of our excursion. Alexandre, my pleasant young comrade, said at the end that the experiment was very *chic*. I more poetically recalled the wanderings of Consuelo and Joseph Haydn. But Alexandre had not read "Consuelo," and, though he will not admit it, that is his loss. He professes to despise George Sand. You see, he is so young! His god is Wagner, and he would persist of an evening, when the stars were out, and a youth of an earlier generation would have recited poetry and mused upon his lost love, in humming different choruses from "Parsifal" and "Tristan," till exasperated nerves could no longer stand the test, and I threatened to plant him there and seek refuge in solitude. But no outbreak of mine could ruffle the placidity of his genial temper. He imperturbably regretted my inability to rise to the grandeur of Wagner's choruses as interpreted by him in the forest of Fontainebleau. It is doubtful if Wagner himself would have appreciated the interpretation any more than I did.

Our start was anything but felicitous. A dense tropical downpour fell as if through a million waterspouts. We

were to meet at the Gare de Lyon, but instead encountered outside my house, whither Alexandre rushed dripping to propose adjournment of the escapade. An adjourned escapade is an egg without salt. We should reach Fontainebleau by noon, when probably the sun would be shining, and what did it matter if the heaven threatened deluge meanwhile? Like the late Jules Favre, Alexandre did not mind being shot but he disliked being wet; nevertheless, like the urbane and gallant lad he is, he yielded to my wish, and we began our tramp by the modest train. I proved in the right. By the time we got to Brunoy the rain-clouds were clearing off, and we found the town on the edge of the forest radiant in the tempered brilliance of a restored sun. Here the thing was to find a cheap and clean little inn, where men in blouses were content to feed, for we had settled to pay no more than seven or eight francs a day each for food and shelter. "At the Burgundy Sign" in the Rue de France accomplished our dream. It exceeded it even, for, deeming us illustrious foreigners in disguise, owing to my Britannic metal countenance and Alexandre's gray felt and tan shoes, it awarded us a little dining-room all to our two selves. We may have been taken for bride and bridegroom for anything I know. Anyhow, the *cabinet particulier* (not so very hidden that servants and proprietors could not refresh their sight by constant vision of us, through the glass wall which separated us from kitchen and corridor) was not charged in the bill nor was light upstairs or downstairs. If the woman was rather glum, the man, a jolly Burgundian, made up for it in civility. I wish you could find in any village at home sheets so white, beds so comfortable, rooms so clean as those which Alexandre and I enjoyed "At the Burgundy Sign" for two francs a night. And how we needed those

beds with a much more liberal supply of water and larger basins when night found us shut within bedroom walls from the murmuring forest after our twenty-five or thirty kilometres on foot. True we spread out these kilometres over twelve hours, starting at eight A.M. and ending at eight P.M., by several prolonged visits and a siesta. We usually came out somewhere at half-past twelve where there was a restaurant, an inn of some kind, and here we lunched for two-and-a-half or three francs. Then at five parched throats clamored for a bock, and eight o'clock found us restored to rest, ablutions, dinner, cigarettes and coffee, with feet on chairs, reduced to helpless imbecility by the excessive intoxication of "the great air."

As an interim in intellectual labor I know of none so refreshing and complete. Your eye is sufficiently exercised by the glowing and varied charms of the forest, whose murmuring fascination is ever new and restful. There is no call on big adjectives, æsthetic attitudes or exhausting reveries. You take your treat in a quiet mood, and are quiescently grateful. Everywhere you are pleased, nowhere surprised. It is a delicate enchantment that seizes you, an idle artistic sense of satisfaction.

The Fontainebleau of tradition, the theatrical environment of the gentleman of the paint-box and white umbrella seems to be a thing of the past, or else to hide itself discreetly from the vagabonds' scrutiny. Not a white umbrella did Alexandre and I encounter, not a velvet jacket or blouse, and no slouched felt but his own. Even at Barbizon there was no atmosphere of Bohemia, or midnight revelry, or rustic impropriety. Siron's is quite a refined institution, where you pay eight francs a day for the privilege of sleeping in a tidy brand-new bedroom and where you may gaze at a few daubs on the

dining-room walls understood to be so many strokes of homage to the ancient resort and shelter of art. The landlady assured us, with a look of relief, that the painters had all forsaken Barbizon, and only Marlotte had the misfortune to harbor a stray animal from time to time. The foundations of the artistic colony lie alas! in ruins.

"We," she said arrogantly, "only receive *bourgeoises* families." Opposite us sat at lunch a lady Alexandre was quick to qualify as anything but that accepted article. She and the waiter seemed to be on intimate terms, if that were sufficient indication of her sphere, and she afterwards jingled atrociously on an atrocious piano.

I had approached Barbizon in a flutter, remembering Stevenson's charming sketch of the place. I own I was grievously disappointed, and, instead of lingering there a week as I had projected, I nowise regretted to make that same afternoon for Chailly. The sun was dipping westward and a deep scarlet glow lay broadly over Millet's famous plain. One unconsciously listened for the Angelus bell and looked to see the peasants take their immortal attitude. True there were two peasants cutting corn that gleamed like wisps of gold in the ruddy light, and a Philistine was photographing them with barbarous complacency; but they wore too much the self-conscious air of the drama, they were too ostensibly on view to fulfil the requisites of the picturesque. Still the scene was beautiful and impressive; a prolonged panorama of sunset effects and such quietude as belongs to the great plain and the enlarged solemnity of evening.

The long, breezy high road, and the ever varying, ever satisfying charms of woodland besiege the senses with their insidious mirth. Not content with green splendor, the tall trees have swathed their barks in red glamour, and gleam in the softened rays like bur-

nished pillars, and when you wish for a change from the interminable perspective of the columned aisle and sun-flecked shadow, you have the naked gray of rocks and stretches of broad white stone to stumble over or recline against at will. You may, as we did, play at losing your way; but even if you have taken a first prize as imbecile you will not succeed in doing so for half an hour—thanks to the remorseless blue arrows. And then, when tired of nature, you may stretch yourself under the friendly trees and fall asleep. Nobody will heed you, for the artists have vanished, and their successors, the cyclists, will not perceive you.

It is surprising how easily books may be dispensed with when you take to vagabondage. On the other hand, food and liquid refreshment assume quite a disproportionate importance. Alexandre and I, lounging under a tree, miles away from a restaurant, took a gruesome satisfaction in bringing the water of envy to our mouths by talking of the ices and iced drinks we yearned for, and food we should have swallowed uncomplainingly in Paris here seemed to us of intolerable mediocrity. I brought several books with me, and read, I believe, a couple of pages of one without in the least knowing what I read. Tobacco was our chief delight, and it was a melancholy moment when we discovered in the very heart of the forest that we had come to the end of our double supply of cigarettes. It was no consolation, but the reverse, to reflect that the bag I had despatched that morning on to Paris from the inn contained a packet of Havana cigarettes smuggled a little while before across the Spanish frontier.

We had arranged to follow the long, long Melun road and there catch the night train to Paris. That Melun road I never can forget. The more we ad-

vanced the longer it seemed to grow. I had imagined a kilometre to be a small affair and began to regard it as a league. I had tramped that morning since eight, and nine at night still found me trudging senselessly and dinnerless alongside of my unfortunate comrade, whose business it soon became to drag me like baggage suspended from his arm. There was no diligence, no carriage, and the last train for Paris stopped at Melun at half-past ten. A quaint old peasant woman, holding two hideous little girls by the hand, passed us as I lay half dead on an edge of grass-plot to the stupefaction of Alexandre, who saw no way out of the dilemma, since it was physically impossible to carry me the remaining five kilometres. Alexandre is a genial and courteous lad, and began to compliment madame on her charming children. This led to talk, and the old woman, smiling delightfully, was strong in her dissuasion against the continued tramp. It was tempting Providence, she vowed, and we were welcome to a rest in her house and a bowl of bouillon. But I was bound to reach Paris that night, and made a gallant, I may say superhuman effort. By shutting my eyes and clinging to my companion's arm with both hands clasped as a stay, I was able to

walk almost unconsciously, for nearly four kilometres. But the fifth needed an effort beyond my force, and I began to fear tetanus. I had no notion what the mere projecting of one foot beyond the other may mean, how much numbed pain it may contain. Movement became a sort of nightmare, against which I was not even able to cry out. Every power of the body seemed to come to a standstill, speech as well as sight, and I was imperfectly conscious of being alive. What all this implied for poor Alexandre may easily be guessed, but he bore himself as a hero, neither impatient nor complaining, though mightily vexed with himself for encouraging me to neglect the diligence of Barbizon; the result of my defective knowledge of the length of a kilometre. Were ever eyes more gratified than ours by sight of the lights of Melun? Was ever the ugly protection of railway bridge and arch more comfortable assurance in the breathing fragrance of night than those of that station, as we limply approached it? Dinner was out of the question, but there was time for Alexandre to dart up the town, as soon as he had left me reposing on railway cushions, for bread and ham, which we devoured in the train, and midnight found us restored to lamplit and noisy Paris.

*Good Words.*

*Hannah Lynch.*

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### MIDNIGHT BY THE SEA.

Waves of the wild North Sea,  
 Breaking—breaking—breaking!  
 From the dumb agony  
 Of dreams awaking,

How sweet within the loosened arms of sleep  
 To lie in silence deep,  
 Lone listening to your many throated roar  
 Along the caverned shore  
 In midnight darkness breaking—breaking—breaking.

*Noel Paton.*